



# THE NEW HOMOSEXUAL REVOLUTION .....

the homosexuals—the swinging homosexuals—  
have adopted a new battle cry, it would  
seem, and that is—

# J.D.S

COVER: JENA VON BRUCKER by G.B. JONES

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CANADA  
M5C 2K5.

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GARY JONES  
AND  
DAVE ADRIAN  
(NOONES EVER  
SEEN THEM  
WITHOUT THEIR  
MAKE UP)

QUEERCORE feature with  
Gorse, Toilet Slaves & more

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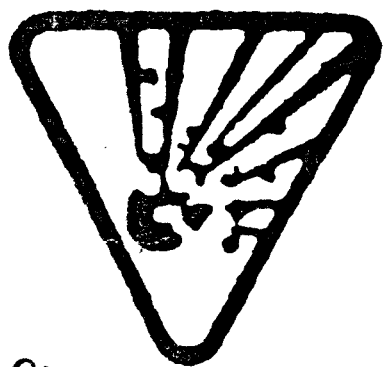
IGGY



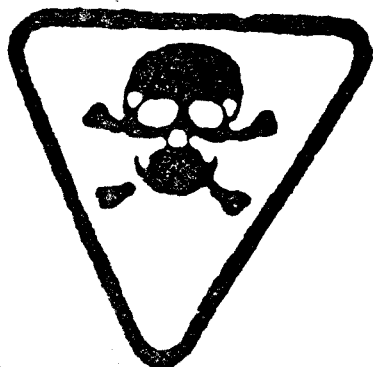
LOLLI

POP

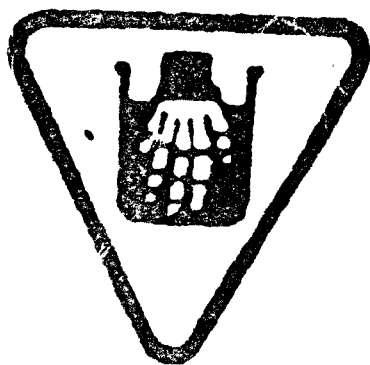
THE CASE FOR HOMOSEXUALITY



QUEER STREET, U.S.A.



THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION



THE MAKING OF A HOMOSEXUAL

THE FEMALE DEVIATE

THE UNDERGROUND SOCIETY



• Patti Smith in "Robert Having His Nipple Pierced".

# J.D.s soft core zine for hard core kids



# NO 7

We obviously know what we want to say, so we'll say it: Why does everyone think J.D.s is supposed to be like 'Inches' with mohawks? (But don't think we're not obscene and objectionable anyway)

Well.....

J.D.s is

**NOT:**

1. Disembodied dicks
2. Neither art nor poetry
3. Lesbians
4. Gays
5. Red Hot Chili Peppers
6. Owning a painting by John Wayne Gacy
7. Sam Kinison (heard he's got A.I.D.S.)
8. Segregated dyke/fag bars
9. Decadence
10. N.A.M.B.L.A.

11. Mr. Leatherman (of anywhere anytime)
12. Forbes with a mohawk
13. The Advocate with Docs
14. Pat Califia with a mohawk
15. Anton Levy
16. Rhoda (the Show)
17. going to G.G. Allin's last show
18. Nurses, buttplugs or bedpans
19. Fisting on the first date
20. Big Oozing Things

LOVE,  
THE N.L.P.

**IS:**

1. the size of the pencil (and how you use it)
2. Stenchcore
3. Dykes
4. Fags
5. Dead Chili Peppers
6. Kristy McNichol (never out of style)
7. Drew Barrymore
8. the pit
9. Aspirins & Cola (drug of choice)
10. N.A.M.B.C.L.A.  
North American Man Boy  
Candy Love Association
11. Hairdressers
12. Some Of My Best Friends Are..
13. Boys In The Band
14. The Killing Of Sister George
15. Antonio Fargas
16. Brenda
17. Dead Waters stars; Divine, Cookie, Edie, David
18. A country as far away as health
19. human ashtrays as accessories
20. "BOOM"

punk place hide; (poger, p

"You know something, kid?  
 You're gonna stay in this gay  
 world. Why? Because you're a  
 rebel. You don't like convention.  
 You like what *you* like, not what  
 they tell you to like. Yeah, I know  
 it's hard to understand it now.  
 Later on, you'll get the picture.  
 You're a rebel,—it's gonna be tough,  
 but stick up for what you want."

## THE GAY REBELS

**J.D.'s hit parade!**

1. Nikki Parasite
2. Ugly Americans
3. Zuzu's Petals
4. Ugly Americans
5. Fifth Column
6. The Dicks
7. Big Man
8. Nip Drivers
9. Mighty Sphincter
10. Toilet Slaves
11. Victim's Family
12. The Apostles
13. Shock-headed Peters
14. No Brain Cells
15. Gorse
16. The Apostles
17. The Cheifs
18. The Dicks
19. Impotent Sea Snakes
20. 2 Nice Girls

### COMING UP

Academy 23-THE BOY NEXT DOOR  
 Robt. Omlit-BANG!  
 Heroin Safeway-DICK VAN DYKE  
 Bomb-BE A FAG

Male Call  
 Homophobia  
 Bert  
 The Weenie Man  
 The Fairview Mall Story  
 Off-Duty Sailor  
 Too Scared To Be Queer  
 Quentin Crisp  
 Fag Bar  
 Toilet Slave Trouble  
 Homophobia  
 Forbidden Love  
 I, Bloodbrother, Be  
 I'm Queer  
 Tell Me Why?  
 To Hell With Leviticus  
 Tower 18 (at the beach)  
 Little Boys Feet  
 I Caught Aids From A Dead Man  
 The Queer Song



punk; pog

sex

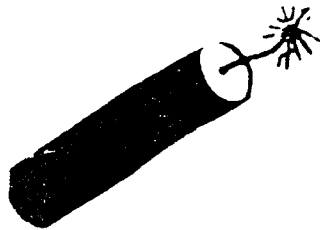
boy

ERIC THE FAG BOY

COMING IN J.D.'S \*8

**queer**  
 a vagina and  
**core**  
**for**  
 kid,  
 hump,  
**hard**  
 rear!"); sex bo  
**core**  
**kids**  
 prison terminology  
**J.D.'s**

# hit parade punk



j.d.jukebox!

"They're rebels,  
—like the rest of  
us." There is was  
again—the name  
of rebel. It was  
starting to figure  
up.



TELL ME WHY?

five passions strange please



J.D.S TOP TEN TAPE

I wanna know why you call them "sluts and whores"  
Flex your beer-egg and allocate them chores  
Why all you can see is their "bits" and "cunt"  
Laugh with the boys, fear their blood every month  
I wanna know how you think you have any right  
to treat them as inferior with your hollow sight  
Why you feel so damned threatened by the power of their s  
Treat your emotional superior as your personal "hole"  
Tell me why: I wanna know fucking why

I wanna know why you call them "dykes" and "queers"  
Forcefeed them the guilt of your homophobic fear  
Why straight is so right, so pure and so true  
They're filthy, disgusting, just now to they screw  
I wanna know why you say their love is so wrong  
And the throne from which you scream, "they must not belong"  
Why you consider it your duty to fuck up their lives  
Arm your straight jacket head with indignant-edged knives

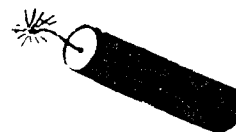
I wanna know why you call them "niggers" and "wogs"  
Treat different skin colours as if they were dogs  
Why you've poisoned their culture and stolen their land  
Smile, your persil-like, pretend the west is so grand  
I wanna know how your fascism occurred  
Your skin coloured hegemony is fucking absurd  
For how much longer will you treat them like scum  
And where will you hide when "Barkie" holds the gun

LOVE AGAINST THE LAW

# Görse

TOP TEN TAPE

j.d.jukebox



The lead vocalist of "Görse"

homopunk hitparade

10K

Of an antiquated pastimes, sexing is probably the most popular.

homopunk

# toilet slaves

ENTERTAINMENT FOR KIDS



GO FOR IT TOP TEN TAPE  
**sexyxxx** CONTROVERSIAL

## TOILET SLAVE TROUBLE

If you want trouble wait, don't run  
You'll be sorry before we're done  
Bash a fag, bash him twice  
Bash once more and pay the price  
Chase a dyke around the block  
But be prepared for quite a shock  
Homo-haters are in for trouble  
If they try to burst our bubble  
Look out bully, slave attack  
You've got trouble, you go back

The game's no fun for Dad and Mother  
But sis can murder her mean old brother

Pull our chain, pull it twice  
But don't expect us to be nice  
We're the Toilet Slaves  
You're in trouble  
Toilet Slave trouble

(Bruce LaBruce/G.B. Jones)

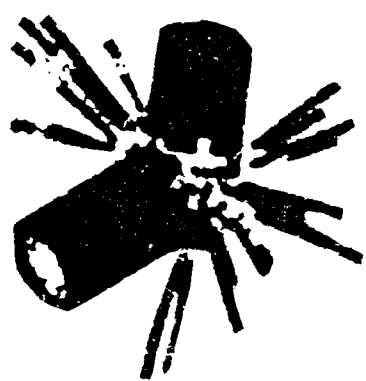
ld.jukebox

PHOTO: TAB

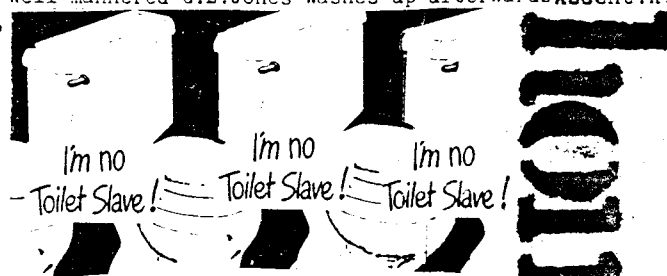


ld.jukebox **xxx** sizzling SEX REBELS

TOILET SLAVES: Bruce LaBruce chained to the bowl, while well-mannered G.B. Jones washes up afterwards Absent: K.



top ten tape



homopunk

ld.jukebox

They treat it as a joke. — and many times as a spectator sport.

**HOT STUFF**  
**STUDENT COLUMN**  
 "let's burn together!"  
 Courts can't change human nature!  
**LOVE AGAINST THE LAW**



**THE FAIRVIEW MALL STORY**  
 Sitting in his den, the principal feels lonely. His wife does wonder if there's a plan. (\*) Holding so lovingly in her hands, raven hair now's got grey. They, where are my car keys, I'm going to the mall, honey."  
 (Gossip) Caroline: He took the family car  
 Bruce Lab: Get her!  
 C: He went to Fairview Mall...  
 B: Mary don't Kresges, then  
 C: Went to the hall...  
 B: What's a stall...  
 C: Met a young man and do  
 B: Then, (heavy sigh) they staring at each other,  
 Caroline: And so the saga continues...  
 Bruce Lab: And so the saga continues...  
 C: The young man just want to have fun!  
 B: Blow job and he, uh, took it all.  
 C: Yummy, yummy yumy i got love in my the wall.  
 C: Then the cops burst in, to protect  
 B: Do you rain on my parade?  
 C: A lot of gall!  
 B: Uh-Huh!  
 C: PITT IT TO MUSIC GIRL!

**J.D.S TOP TEN TAPE**  
 Secret forays into gay life.  
 Indulgences in secret



**petals**  
 BERT  
 bum-chum gear  
 Indulgences in secret

**homopink hit parade**

**HOT STUFF**



X-rated

Everything was Eros. Everything was Eros, they

**GO FOR IT**

**STARS**  
Eros, REBELS  
Singles  
Music: Mykel Board  
Arrangement: Bentz  
Guitar: Mike Bond  
Bass: Mike Bond  
Vocal: Calleen Bentz  
Drums: Mykel Board  
Backing Vocals: Big Man  
Recording: Kenny John Reault  
Produced and  
Engineered by Mike  
Engineered by Mike

CHORUS TO END

**J.D.'S TOP TEN TAPE**

er bastard Fucked in the mouth  
TEN TAPE  
MILK  
NAKED YOUNG GUYS TOGETHER,  
AE-What releases do you have out?  
NBC-Oh, I have hundreds of things, we  
ot of trax on comps around the  
t lots of hate mail cos we  
other way, they like our  
our music, they like our  
called, "Our thing  
n the

**NAKED YOUNG GUYS TOGETHER,**

I'M QUEER

I'm queer  
I'm queer  
fuckin' queer  
queer bastard  
queer bastard  
I'm queer  
(N.B.C.)

NO BRAIN CELLS  
FUCKED IN THE MOUTH

Fucked in the mouth  
By a big black cock  
(repeat I)

**HOT STUFF**

SEX-

secret forays into gay life  
top ten tape  
homohit

and not  
 join.

☆

-no one will ever forget it-

no brain cells

NO B  
 FUCKED  
 Fucked i  
 By a big  
 (repeat

**LOT**  
Dave/co NBC  
20 Keble Grove  
Leigh, Lancs WN7 5LQ  
England



hit  
output  
THE

MALE CALL

I don't care if you stare when you see me walking down the street  
 'Cause you're the kind of boy I'd never want to meet  
 And let's O.K. If you say "He's a fag, Simon guys, let's kick his butt"  
 'Cause maybe some boy will hear you and try to pick me up  
 And I'm sick and tired of getting the runaround - that isn't right  
 And I'm sick and tired of sitting here by myself jerking off every night  
 So this is a male call  
 This is a male call  
 And I'm calling you  
 (Repeat whole song)  
 Well, I know that this song's not too long and I know it's not too great  
 But I wanna be on the J.D.s Top Twenty Tape  
 Since this song's almost done, I will leave you with only one request  
 If you're nice, sure, and hung, then write to this address:  
 Vikki Parasite, P.O. Box 134, Livingston, New Jersey, 07039, USA

hit  
output  
THE

J.D.s  
 He wanted to break free from the  
 shackles of conformity. He wanted  
 to rebel—so he started up friend  
 ships with likely looking gay men.  
 It was another way to maintain  
 his rebellion. He loved to enter the

J.D.s homo hit parade  
 X-rated ENTERTAINMENT FOR KIDS

"J.D.s makes me want  
 to be queen",  
 Ma' heal Dean of

bomb

And we live like we do

because we rebel



top tent tape

core

STUSS

inkbox!

X-rated

GAY  
REBELS

sexy

SEX  
REBELS

sexy

sizzling



nikki parasite  
toilet slaves

big man  
brain cells  
gorse

bomb

fifth column

apostles

robt. on lit  
academy 23

zuzu's petals



\$5.00 CASH or M.O. to  
J.D.s c/o P.O. Box 1110,  
Adelaide St. Stn.,  
Toronto, Ontario,  
Canada M5C 2K5  
DALLAS  
The Record Gallery  
MONTREAL NEW YORK  
L'Oblique See/Hear  
TORONTO  
Vortex Records

This Ain't The Rosedale Libra

top tent tape

I've been cruising the pit for years now with only limited success--but hey, it's fun--& I haven't got beat up yet. Here in Baltimore it's not too easy with the pit full of crazed skins or drunken metal-heads charging around like mad dogs. Washington is much more fertile ground.

There's two different levels of cruising. One just involves getting kicks without reciprocation: brushing your hand across some hunky punk's ass or cock too quick for him to fully notice, or getting caught in a sandwich between two hot sweaty guys for a minute. The other is a little more complicated--you're often dealing with uptight closet cases--but involves turning them on to the point of reciprocation, or more.

I've had lots of fun on that first level--had my hands on the asses of more than half of the hot punks in Baltimore & Washington--but it's that other level that's intriguing. All the missed or botched opportunities! All the contacts I made where I didn't get a chance to talk to them later, & never saw again.

There was one guy I saw at 4 or 5 Government Issue shows in D.C. He looked like a G.I., lean & hot, with a military haircut. By about the 3rd show we felt each other up fully, & we even held hands through one song, in the crush of people by the stage. But at the end of each show he was always out the door in a flash. Then I stopped seeing him at shows. Now G.I. has broken up!

At a Dead Boys show in D.C. (this was a reunion tour about 3 years ago--not way back) this hot looking black guy kept positioning himself so that my crotch would collide with his ass in the crowd. Then he reached back & felt me up. But nothing came of that either.

My biggest love though is <sup>is</sup> that guy I've been seeing at Slickee Boys & Ramones shows in Baltimore & D.C. for 5 or 6 years now. He's got one of the best bodies I've ever seen with perfect legs, ass & chest, & a square-jawed face with intense eyes. I've been obsessed with him for years. He knows it too & he loves to play games with me: he'll give me these long looks, or stand 10 feet in front of me & slowly take off his sweaty shirt. I never dared speak to him, but I've had my hands all over every inch of that hard ass in the pit. Last show I saw him at though he marched up to me afterwards & introduced himself, & then he was gone before I could stammer: "Let's go play house..."





# V/A - "Homocore Hit Parade" cassette

A comp. tape with a homosexual theme. Unfortunately this came without lyrics so I had a hard time figuring out what line most bands take... pro or anti?... though I'm fairly certain it's the former. Music and sound quality are patchy but that's belied by an element of fun and frolic throughout. (MIW)  
(PO Box 1110, Adelaide St. Stn, Toronto, Ontario M5C 2K5, CANADA)

SUPERVISION

NO 2



BLK

## ANARCHISTIC HOMOPUNKS & OTHER HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION

The message is simple: if the gay literary establishment had an agenda, the medium is perfect. It's exciting, scary, chaotic, and—in what we perceive as a brand contemporary gay consciousness—positively revolutionary. We are talking about the new crop of gay magazines and publications like *Homocore*, *J.D.*, *Be Life*, and *Levander*. *Homocore*, *J.D.*, *Be Life*, and *Levander* are all, usually, the product of one or a small group of devotees. Usually inexperienced or with no publishing background, they are more concerned with establishing a new dialogue than building a literary foundation. They are conscious, eclectic, and uncompromising. You find more direct language and less of a literary shake-up; if not an actual one, at least a gay literary shake-up. If not an actual one, at least a gay literary shake-up. If not an actual one, at least a gay literary shake-up. If not an actual one, at least a gay literary shake-up.

*Homocore* (World Power Systems, Box 77731, San Francisco, CA 94107), edited by Tom Jennings with gay punk focused stories, news, reviews, and lots of art you won't see in *The Advocate* (or even *Inches*). Sample copy is \$1 postpaid in the U.S. and Canada, \$3 elsewhere.

*J.D.*'s (Box 1110, Adelaide St. Stn., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5C 2K5), is a bi-monthly publication that covers gay punk and skaters with little or no distinction between gay men and lesbians. Provoactive, sexy and fun, *J.D.*'s will send you a sample copy for \$3 postpaid. *BLK* (Box 1110, Adelaide St. Stn., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5C 2K5) is more like a mainstream gay magazine than any of the others out there. It includes occasional interviews, poetry and classified ads. *BLK* has a price tag to address gay black issues. News, interviews, and not for the faint of heart. *BLK* has a price tag to address gay black issues. News, interviews, and not for the faint of heart. *BLK* has a price tag to address gay black issues. News, interviews, and not for the faint of heart.

Who would have thought that a mere decade after Sid and Nils did it, homopink would finally catch on? Nowadays, J.D.'s products are getting reviewed in all the legitimate fag publications, from *INCHES* (left) to *Maximum RocknRoll* (right). According to an inside source, *INCHES* reviewer John Rowberry predicts that in another ten years the editors of J.D.'s will be putting out glossy gay porno like he does and making a small fortune. We beg to differ, although I suppose it would beat the hell out of living in the goddamn draggrass. As to the mixed up MRR reviewer, we do sympathize, although not being straight ourselves, we can only guess what he must be going through. We forgive him, as long as he doesn't try to take our place on the cross like most straight reviewers of J.D.'s do. It is crowded enough as it is. Oh, and just to clear things up, we're definitely anti.

And please keep those sweet and swishy accolades coming! We love to be described by such delightful adjectives as "vivacious", "brash", "frollicsome", "feisty", and "fun" (hey - no one's used "spunky" yet!). I guess that's why they call us gay!

Sincerely,  
Bruce



I could tell right away this guy was a damaged personality like me,

If I were to tell you that I picked up a guy the night before my ex-boyfriend's funeral and gave him a blow-job in a washroom at the bus station, would you think I was sick? Because that's just what I did. I felt like the guy in that French novel I had to read for English once - the one everybody thought was crazy because he went to see a 3 Stooges picture or whatever the night of his mother's funeral. As for me and Butch, we'd been split for a year when he did himself, so even though I had still considered him my future-ex-old-man, it wasn't as if we'd been fused together recently or anything. I know what you're thinking - I've been hanging out with business boys too long, and become as hard as nails, like Butch. Let me fill in the blanks, then you decide.

I was sitting alone in the Terminal Restaurant at the bus station hunched over a bottomless cup of coffee like I always am when I need to think long and hard about something, when I spotted this Butch number in the booth across the way. That's what Butch always called them - butch numbers - guys who seem to turn other guys on on purpose but claim not to be fags themselves. Actually I guess that's how Butch got his name in the first place - you didn't think his mother named him that, did you? Anyway, I could tell right away this guy was a damaged personality like me, so naturally I was interested. His straight black hair, which was shaved to the skull all the way up the back but hung down at least a foot in front, was dangling just above, and occasionally in, his coffee cup, which was so full its contents subconsciously sloshed over the brim every time he nervously kicked the table. I guess he put too much cream in it, or the waitress was looking at her watch when she refilled it, or at his tattoos - by this time he had rolled up his sleeves to reveal two arms plastered with scary looking tats. I could make out some of the bigger ones - skull and cross bones, angel of death, MOTHER across a broken heart. Every once in a while he'd sweep the hair out of his face, lower his lips to the cup and take a sip; only then could I see the alarming thickness of his black eye-liner (I thought he had two shiners at first) and the Charles Manson-like intensity of his



stare. He had sunken eyes and cheeks, and his skin was a pale green - very Dawn of the Dead. He had an impossible-to-count number of gold hoops in his left ear only, and one in his nose, like a bull.

The first time I saw him I wanted to fuck him, I'm not kidding. I mean, not fuck him, get fucked by him, is what I mean. I could tell right away - and I would soon be proven correct - that he had one of those trick bodies, like with his clothes on he looked real skinny and scrawny, but when he'd take off his shirt, he'd have this chest, the kind of chest that drives me crazy, like you just want to squeeze his nipples until he's forced to slap your face. And when he'd take off his pants, he'd have these legs, these gym class legs with coarse black hair that could make me come just like that, by brushing against them. And I could imagine that neat, square little goatee of his sweeping around the vicinity of my asshole...

Now you may be wondering why I was getting so worked up over some stranger in a crummy restaurant at the bus station while Butch was lying cold somewhere across town. To be honest, the only person I'd had sex with since Butch dumped me for the square life was - Butch. Every few months he'd get tired of his secretary girlfriend or his army girlfriend or his skinhead girlfriend - whatever trip he was on at the time - and come running to me for some gay relief. I'd resist for about five seconds, then get down on my hands and knees. But now that Butch was gone for good, there was nobody to have sex with, especially considering how my appearance had changed since I started hanging out with Butch four years earlier. Although I had the good sense not to become a skinhead, I'd pretty much caught up with him in the tattoo department, maintained a nice little Taxi Driver mohawk, and rarely bathed or changed my sox or underwear. I didn't seem to attract the average gay boy anymore, only crazy skinheads like Butch. So I guess I was feeling a bit panicky about it. I was alone in the world now that he was gone, and the thought of joining him had crossed my mind as I sat there in front of my filthy coffee cup, so I grabbed it and walked over to the strange one.

"Mind if I sit down?"

He scanned the empty restaurant, then swept the hair out of his eyes in order to look me over.

"You'll be sorry," he said.

so naturally I was interested.

# It looked pretty big, which almost

I sat down anyway.

"You're going to regret this," he said.

"No doubt. I regret everything."

I heard Richard Burton say that in a movie once.

"You don't want to get hurt, do you?"

"Hurt?" It came out hopeful.

"Vanish." He deliberately put his hair back over his face.

"What's your name?"

There was a long pause, then:

"Killer."

My eyes must have widened, because then he said:

"Listen, why don't you go peddle your little ass someplace else."

I was flattered, but decided to ignore his comment for the time being. I tried picturing him having sex - imagining him with a girl bordered on science fiction. He had to be a fag, but I couldn't come straight out and ask. I'd have to wait til he dropped some beads. I tried to make idle conversation.

"So what's the name of your band?"

It was a shot in the dark. I didn't even know if he was in a band.

Between two strands of hair I could see one of his eyes finally show a little interest in something I'd said.

"Sex With Dad", he said with a hint of pride. Now I was really confused. It sounded like a homocore band to me, but it was hard to tell these days, what with everyone jumping on the fag bandwagon.

"How'd you think that up?" I naively asked.

"It's autobiographical," he replied. "In a way."

Afraid to ask, I started to talk a bit too freely about my own problems instead, about Butch and the funeral I had to attend tomorrow, about my little sister Cookie who had recently had a bad accident and almost lost an eye, about being depressed all the time and not being able to drag myself out of bed since I graduated from high school a year ago. I couldn't tell whether he was listening or not. Fifteen minutes later, when I'd temporarily run out of problems to talk about, he said this:

"I don't know who's weirder - you or me."

That's what Iris says to Travis in "Taxi Driver". It was like the perfect thing to say, because we were both misfits like they were, sitting in a restaurant like they were, kind of nervous because we didn't know each other very well, but realizing we had a lot in common. I wanted the Jodie Foster role, though.

"Hey, look," I said. "I have to



go to the can. You wouldn't do anything like leave while I'm gone, would you?"

'Killer' just kind of grunted in an annoying way.

"I'll be right back." I headed for the washroom figuring I'd never see the guy again, but I really had to go. Once inside I headed for a stall because I have this thing called stricture which means I can't piss while I'm standing beside somebody at a urinal. (Butch was the only one I could ever piss beside for some reason.) So as I nervously stood in this stall with a broken lock so the door was half open, suddenly I felt something between my legs. It felt like a hand grabbing my balls. I can't say it struck me as very sexy. It reminded me of the time when I was about twelve and we took my grandmother on a road trip and I guess she got bored because at one point as I was leaning wayover the front seat between my parents to change the radio from country and western to pop, Grammy grabbed me in that same place. I was so embarrassed, I turned really red. Mom asked me what was wrong, but I couldn't say anything. When I returned to my seat, Gram just smiled a senile smile and took out her compact to powder her already deathly white face, her big gnarly, arthritic hands delicately clutching her cosmetics. This is what I was thinking about as I wheeled around to come face to face with 'Killer', whose hand now rested on my open fly. Before I knew what was happening, he plunged his tongue into my mouth and made like a suction pump, his one hand planted on the wall behind me, forcing me precariously over the open toilet, his other hand holding his hair back from his face. After some heavy necking he let the toilet seat down behind me and forced me to sit. He undid a single button at the navel, inviting me to lick his hard, flat stomach. From there I worked my tongue down over his thick leather belt towards his bulging blue-jeaned basket. I could see the shape of his cock through the denim, angling down towards his thigh. It looked pretty big, which almost discouraged me because contrary to popular opinion, I'm not much of a cocksucker. I ran my tongue up and down the bulge until finally he let it flop out, and it was really pretty big, I have to say. I licked it for a while and then I tried sucking on it but I started to choke. Then we heard the bathroom door open so 'Killer' quickly rammed his rod back into his jeans, zipped up as best he could, and slipped out of the stall.

I sat on the toilet seat for a few minutes, trying to figure out

# popular opinion, I'm not much of a



# discouraged me because contrary to

exactly what just happened. I didn't usually get what I wanted, and never so soon after I wanted it. I worry when good things happen to me, because as my mother always used to say, things will get better before they get worse. Then I thought, of course, he'll be gone when I go back to the table and I'll never see him again. But when I stepped back into the restaurant, he was still sitting there behind his hair, scribbling

something furiously on a napkin.

"I'm living in my van, sort of," he said as I sat down again, "At the moment. Here's a map of my usual daily route, with approximate times and locations marked here, here, and here." He rapped off each point with a white knuckle, then said: "I have to go."

Leaving, he looked like a different person, with the back of his head totally shaved - he might have been a skinhead. But unlike any skin I'd ever seen, the ass of his jeans was so freyed you could clearly see his boxer shorts. Also his leather boots were all scuffed and muddy, unlike the regulation spitshine skinheads and other cops keep on theirs.

I wasn't feeling so bad anymore, so I downed my cold coffee and split. I benched around the nearest park for a while, thinking mostly about him. 'Killer'. Don't think I hadn't noticed the hesitation marks the tattoos on his wrists had thinly concealed. I could tell just by looking at him that his teen years had been written on his mother's prescriptions, and his father never owned an electric razor. I pulled out the paper napkin he'd given me; on it was a map complete with street names and major landmarks, and X's indicating one private residence and the parking lots of two major malls. Beneath each X was an approximate time, like 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m., or 8 o'clock to midnight. I guess he had to keep his van moving around so it wouldn't get towed or vandalized. The private residence was in a pretty ritzy neighbourhood - maybe his parents' house. It was all very mysterious, which made me all the more eager to pursue this 'Killer'.

Meanwhile, I had the rest of the evening to kill, so I decided I better go visit Cookie, who, as I mentioned earlier, had recently almost lost the sight in one eye in a freak accident. She had dug out an old slingshot of mine from my room and was fooling around with it out of boredom in the rec. room one



Saturday morning, trying to knock her Barbies she had posed like fashion models off the semi-circular bar that Mom and Dad occasionally entertained from. The elastic broke, snapped back and hit her in the eye, temporarily knocking one light out. The doctor said he wouldn't have to operate, that it would heal by itself as long as she spent a full week in bed with both eyes bandaged, lying perfectly still. It sounded like a cure to kill Cookie, so I thought I should pay her a visit to make sure she wasn't bouncing off the walls.

I still have my own set of keys to my parents house, so it wasn't a problem to sneak in after eleven by which time they'd be dead to the world. I knew Cookie, who was thirteen now, would be up until all hours, especially considering she had a week off school because of her injury. I knocked on her door with the heel of my hand muffled by my coatsleeve, then entered.

"Hey, is that you? Do you have any cigarettes?"

Cookie had changed, too.

She was sitting in a pair of Dad's old pajamas on her bed, propped up by a ton of pillows, with a notebook and pen on her lap, two large pieces of white gauze strapped over her eyes with white adhesive tape. She moved her arms around a lot when she talked, but kept her head very still and level, like she was balancing a dictionary on it.

I sat on the foot of her bed.

"Yeah, I have cigarettes. Do they know you smoke?"

"Sure, they know. It's only out of boredom. I'm not supposed to smoke in the house, but they're being extra-nice to me because of this." She pointed to her bandages. "So give."

I put one in her mouth and lit it, but didn't have one myself. I didn't want to encourage her. She had recently learned how to inhale, so she was getting a lot of mileage out of it. Yes, Cookie was growing up. She was still completely flat and skinny, but her hair was cut way short now, so she had that boyish thing going, yet she seemed like she was almost more mature than me.

"Are you going?" She didn't have to say anything else - I knew she was talking about the funeral. Not having seen him for about a year, she'd taken the news of Butch's 'accident' pretty well - I think she kind of blamed him for me being depressed all the time lately.

"Sure I am," I said. "Certainly I am."

"I wish I could go. I've never been to a funeral."

"You went to Grammy's funeral."

cocksucker. 'Killer' quickly rammed

# his mother was there with a veil o

"That doesn't count. Everybody knew she was going to die."  
"It was still a funeral."  
"Okay, I've never been to a surprise funeral."  
She held her arm straight out and flicked the cigarette ash on whatever lay below for emphasis.  
"Well there's just no way," I said. "You can't be moved."  
"Tell me!" It was an expression she'd picked up from Butch. "I'm dying of boredom. I can't watch TV!"  
"That must be rough," I said, and meant it.  
"I'm trying to write a short story."  
"I, uh, see." There were large,

scrawled, illegible-looking sentences all over the notebook in her lap.

"It's called 'Killing With Love'. It's about a girl with a disease..."

Cookie filled me in on the basic plot. Then she told me how much of her life she was wasting in school, down to the precise number of hours and minutes per week, month, and year. Then she told me something strange about our parents.

"They go to a funeral a week now," she said. "Dad listens to the funeral announcements on the radio every day to see who made the headlines, he says, and he's disappointed if he doesn't know anybody. Don't you think that's sick?"

I couldn't assure her it was because I'd already fallen asleep.

I woke up early when Cookie kicked me in the head. She was sleeping peacefully - I think she was smiling, even.

I can't remember what I did until the funeral. I think I just freaked around downtown, chain-drinking take-out coffees. I remember going back to my apartment to change, but I didn't have a suit anyway, so I just kept on what I had because I'd been wearing black for about a year anyway.

I remember the funeral pretty well. I hated it at first. It wasn't Butch at all. The flowers weren't Butch. The organ music wasn't Butch. The fancy suit they had him ready to be buried in wasn't Butch. A skinhead in a suit - I couldn't believe it. At least I knew it wasn't really a suit - my Mom told me it's split up the back, they just make it look like one from the front.

I was sitting right near the exit just in case. There was a lot of empty rows in front of me, and then a group of adults I'd never seen before occupying the front couple of rows, probably relatives who wouldn't have given him the time of day in life. His mother was there, who he hadn't seen in about seven years, with a veil on and the whole bit. She'd been right: Butch did die before he had a chance to spit on her grave. She looked like any other

hustler's mother at her son's funeral - kind of relieved he was gone.

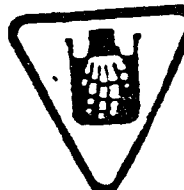
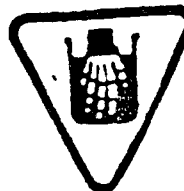
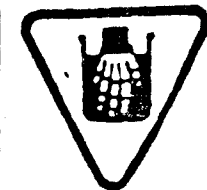
The service hadn't started yet - I had to go up now if I wanted to see Butch one last time before they closed the casket on him for good. The next thing I knew I was standing in front of him - I couldn't even remember walking up the aisle. The first thing I thought was there's been some mistake, this isn't my Butch. There was no tattoo on the side of his neck (it must have been covered over with make-up); he wasn't grinning at me - his mouth, which had once been described by a friend as that of a Detroit street-walker, was now just a cartoon curl, like a Peanuts character. His eyes looked like two commas, and his hands, once big and powerful as baseball mits, were now shrivelled and blue like a Muppet's.

I calmly returned to my seat, glaring on my way at the family members, who looked down and coughed into their clammy hands.

The service started to roll - the preacher droned on about this "fine young man" who he didn't even know, trying to throw in some 'cool' references, like quoting from early Bruce Springsteen and born again Bob Dylan. It was all wrong. He should be reciting the words to "You Got to Fight for your Right to Party". I had to tune out and remember Butch the way he really was.....

....Butch sat up in his casket. No one else could see him do this but me - their eyes were all cast down, the preacher's up to heaven. Butch looked like himself again - mean, bored, sexy, shit-eating grin. "Hey," he says to me. "What was the last time?"

It could have been the night we did it at the hardcore show. One of those three-initial bands was playing - I think it was BFG - I remember asking some mohawk what it stood for, and he said "Bunch of Fat Gays". From the look of them, he was probably right, although I'm sure it was supposed to be some kind of joke against fags. As they smashed a few TV sets on stage with an axe, I stood inches behind Butch, breathing hotly against his shaved neck. He knew I was working him, but kept looking ahead, only occasionally backing his butt into my crotch as if by accident. I'm sure we both had hard-ons straining against our jeans by this time, but it looked like so did half the guys in the pit - no one would give it a second thought. Butch slammed for a while, but true to my sissy nature, I just watched and got even hotter. When he returned, he was grinning and panting and soaked to the skin like he was after having sex. I couldn't stand it any more, so I suggested we step outside for some



## mother at her son's funeral -

one looked like any other hustler's

air. Butch raised a thick eyebrow and led the way.

In the parking lot we started checking car doors to see if any had been left unlocked. The lucky vehicle was a yellow VW van that seemed to have a broken rear door. Butch was laughing at something I'd said, bent over like he was almost vomiting. I straightened him up and shoved him inside, wheeling around to make sure no one was watching before I closed it up. It was totally dark inside, but the territory was familiar. I blew Butch like I never blew him before. I'm not usually much of a cocksucker, but that night I was loose as a sword-swallower. I think I knew somehow that this might be the last time for us. Although his hard was definitely on, I had the feeling he was someplace else, maybe even thinking about somebody else, probably a girl. It was almost a challenge to show I could do right by him. I treated his cock like a lollipop, something sweet and good you can't get enough of.....

I opened my eyes to find myself back at the funeral, and inappropriately excited. I wasn't really embarrassed -

Butch would have wanted it that way. So I just held my coat over myself and walked out of the church to the strains of some old Fleetwood Mac song being played on the organ (Don't You Look Back?).

When I found myself on a bench in a nearby park and not remembering how I got there, I suddenly felt very sad, and began to cry until my nose ran steadily. I pulled a Kleenex out of my pocket and blew hard, then realized it was actually a napkin, and I'd totally smeared the route map that my new friend known as 'Killer' had given me to locate him by. I started to cry even harder because now I would probably never see him again either. It was the lowest I'd ever been. I stumbled through the streets, running into people, walking straight into traffic and not caring. I wandered around until it was dark and by that time I was too tired to think about getting back to my place, so I sat down on the curb with my head between my knees and fell asleep.

I don't know how much later it was - probably hours because the streets were pretty empty - when I was woken up by a firm hand on my shoulder. I looked up to see somebody's head against the light of a streetlamp. Whoever it was, it made him look like he had a halo on or something.

"What are you doing sleeping in the gutter?" he asked.

"Is your name really Killer?" I asked.

kind of relieved he was gone.

"When I was a kid my Dad used to come home from work every night and he'd say "Hey, Killer" and my friends heard it and it stuck."

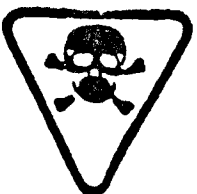
He had his hair up under a hunting cap turned backwards now. It reminded me of something.

"Wanna go for a ride?"

The sex we had in the van in the deserted mall parking lot with all the curtains drawn was good. We were totally straight, and he had an ample supply of condoms in the glove compartment. He fucked me really hard and pulled me up on his dick and I sat on it, wanting it as far up my ass as possible. I came as he fucked me, and then he pulled out and came over my chest as I pinched and bit his chest and armpits, which he really likes. I don't know why I cried when I came, but I did. Was it because I'd lost an old friend or gained a new one? You tell me.

Bruce LaBruce

I don't know  
why I cried  
when I came,  
but I did.



TO (Sender - See Return Address)

Bruce Punk ... A boy whose anus and rectum is a "vagina" for a pederast.  
PO Box 1110  
Adelaide St Station  
Toronto, Canada M5C2K5

RE (Inmate's Name)  
STOTTS, M.

REGISTER NUMBER:  
17829-034

FROM: (Institution)

Federal Correctional Institution  
Box 1680, Black Canyon Stage I  
Phoenix, Arizona 85027-9741

Homosexuals, normal persons unsympathetic to, who attend their social functions ... Dir.

Homosexual, male ... Bridles Flit; Lavender boy; Nancy; Flit Sweet homo

Homosexual, male ... Aglay; Fag; Four-letter man; Man's man; Nole; Poguer; Undercover man.

DATE:

June 6, 1989

SUBJECT: Correspondence With Inmate Returned  
Your correspondence to the above named inmate is being returned.

This correspondence was not delivered to the inmate because:  
It is sexually explicit material which by its nature or content poses a threat to the good order or discipline of the institution (P.S. 5266.5)

Homosexuality, in the male or the female ... Nameless crime.

HOMOSEXUALITY ... The condition of being attracted sexually to another

As you know, J.D.s especially welcomes mail from our shut-in friends (every good J.D. knows the true origin of punk!), but getting our fanzine behind bars is another question. I've tried unsuccessfully twice to get J.D.s to one Michael Stotts and it was returned both times for different reasons. The first time, the Phoenix pen refused "pose a threat to the good order of the institution"; the second time (San D. pen) because it "contained racist material"! (In both instances it was ish #5, the one with me on the cover with my arm lovingly around a black skinhead boy!) We say put J.D.s back in the jails where it belongs! Love, Bruce

STAMP: NOTIFIABLE INSTRUMENT, OR OTHER THING RETURNED TO SENDER

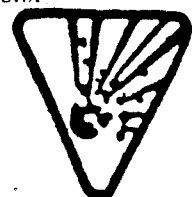
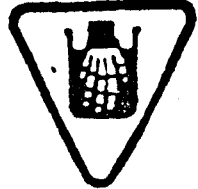
TO: Bruce Punk  
Adelaide St 5th  
Toronto Ont Canada M5C2K5

FROM: Michael Stotts  
17829-034 10-17-89

<input type="checkbox"/> You received with your correspondence an incorrectly prepared separate instrument, which contains the inmate's institutional name and register number	<input type="checkbox"/> Place Sharings
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> You received unsolicited material, open and before	<input type="checkbox"/> Double Faced Polaroid Photos
<input type="checkbox"/> Body Hair	<input type="checkbox"/> Sexually Explicit Personal Photos
<input type="checkbox"/> Electronic Musical Recording Card	<input type="checkbox"/> Material Cannot be Suspended without Charge
<input type="checkbox"/> Prison Card	

The correspondence of other has, however, been provided to the inmate with a copy of this letter  
Correspondence Rejected Because it  
Contained Racist Material  
Per  
St. Gantter

Donny The Punk is back inside. We can't go into details, but in a recent phone call he told us that he wants people to write. Due to his 'rep' don't send anything provocative & please use his real name; Donald Martin 09368-054  
Mohawk Unit P.O. Box 900  
Raybrook, N.Y. 12977 U.S.A.



# THE BOY

# THE CLOSET

## The Weekend of a Hairdresser



Bruce LaBruce captures

his new discovery

KLAUS

in a candid pose

during the filming of

NO SKIN OFF MY ASS -

the tender love story of a punk

ex-hairdresser obsessed with

a young, silent,

baby-faced

skinhead.

Sparks fly when the

skinhead's dyke sister

hits the scene.

Don't miss it.

**RIBALD, DARING**

GAYTOWN productions.

**ONE OF BRUCE'S BOYS**



firm, muscular little arse was exposed to me.

shoot, fucking do it NOW!"

"Kiss my fucking arse queer  
He lowered himself  
— I kissed his arse  
between his

Fuck, I could hold back no longer  
— as my spunk splattered on his boots  
had to moan "Skins rule, skins rule" over  
er.

For  
miliate  
and m  
him  
wi  
g  
ally he untied  
b  
the living r  
knew with my back  
restrained again. H

Afterwards he told me he was  
turned on having me as his slave.  
I willing to serve him on a regular  
starting with the first session the following Saturday night? I more than willingly agree

stood over  
throbbing  
thin white  
pulled the pouch  
into my mouth.

**TRUE CONFESSION:  
"I WAS A SKINHEAD'S BOOTSLAVE"**

"I haven't worked for about a  
week, so my boss is giving me a  
ter give me the biggest blow  
I've ever had

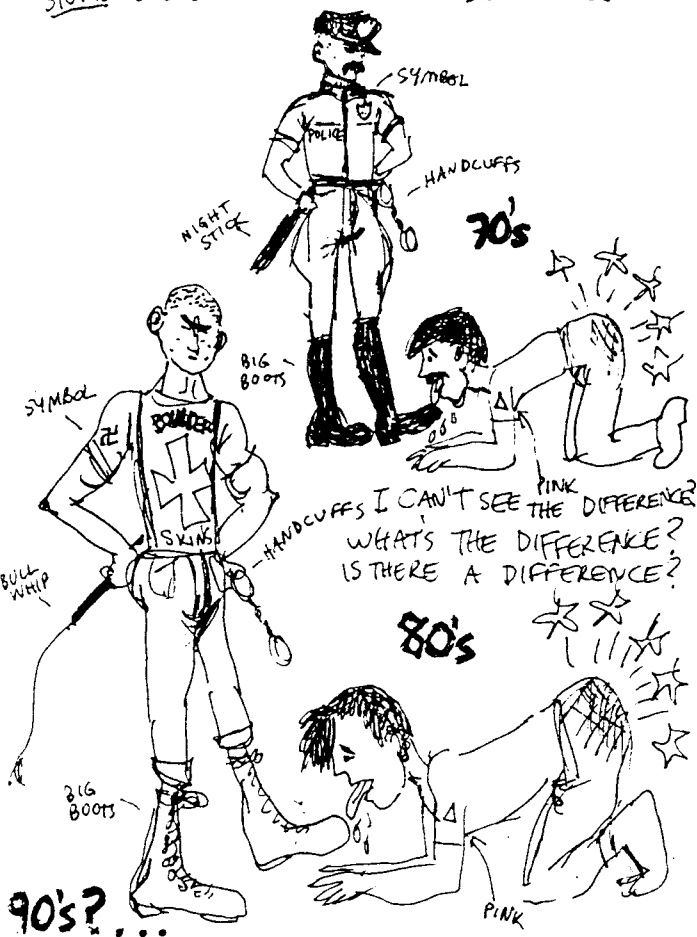
When he opened the door  
I was standing there in  
black leather  
ather tank  
a studded  
(bow) on each  
gloves, mirrors.

I was  
never do  
fucked  
other  
sumin  
was going  
gripped my head  
thrust at a furious rate, moaning "Take it  
you fucking queer cunt, oh take it!"

He shot in my mouth — I loved  
taking that handsome young skinhead's

MAEX  
stuff stolen from  
"BOUND and GAGGED"  
I changed and he took me into the

STUPID FAGS WORSHIP THE OPPRESSOR!



**LIKE PUNK NEVER HAPPENED**  
 understand because I'm not gay. I mean  
 into golden showers, I doubt if I would call  
 a "piss punk." I thought unity meant ev  
 together despite minor differences. Oh w  
 I said I'm not gay so I really don't know wh

## LIKE PUNK NEVER HAPPENED

People should have the right to porno as long as no one is hurt (like children). Many male punks out there may enjoy seeing erotic pictures of female punks. But as we all know, if someone were to put out a "straight" version of JD's, they would be nailed to a cross in a minute. I'm not putting down gays, women or anyone. I'm just saying our sexual values may be a little screwed



BRUCE LABRUCE

introducing KLAUS

G.B. JONES

The baby-faced skinhead

# NO SKIN OFF MY ASS-

a movie by

BRUCE LABRUCE

Shockingly candid, emotionally  
brutal yet deeply compassionate—  
the story of young boys on the  
make in the big city . . .



photos of KLAUS by BRUCE

GAYTOWN productions.

# Do Doc Martens have a special smell?

Could you describe Doc Marten boots for those of our readers who haven't been to England and tell us about their importance for skinheads?

Doc Marten boots are like combat boots, only they have thicker soles. They are the most important part of a skinhead's "uniform" and no self-respecting skin would be seen in dirty boots, a real skinhead's boots are clean and shiny. If worn with jeans, the jeans are rolled up to the top of the boots, and if worn with combat/camouflage trousers, the trousers are tucked into the top of the boots, so the boots are always fully shown. DM's come in 2 colors, black and oxblood, and in 5 heights — in the USA they are called 6, 8, 10, 12 or 14 rows of eyelets, I prefer the English "classification", they are simply called 6, 8, 10, 12 or 14 hole boots. The 8 hole boots (I have a pair in oxblood) are about 8 1/2" tall but my favorites are my black 14 holes, which are just over 12" tall. There is a special skinhead store in London where they buy their boots, etc.

Do Doc Martens have a special smell?

They smell great. If they are well looked after, polished regularly, etc., they don't lose that strong smell of leather.

I really got off on the way Gordon ordered you to keep your hands at your sides, then put a hand behind your head and pushed his sox into your face. Did his boots and his sox have a good smell?

Gordon's boots smelled great — the main smell was of leather, with a "touch" of sweaty feet.

Only a touch?

Most skinheads pride themselves on their cleanliness — apart from personal hygiene, they take pride in their appearance — I've never known a skinhead to wear filthy sox or stained briefs.

Did Gordon ever gag you with one of his sox, or force your face into a boot?

No, but Gary had a nice little trick — he'd tie the laces of one of his boots round my balls so I'd have to stand there with his DM boot swinging between my legs.

After your home sessions with Gordon ended, did he ever use you and abuse you outside?

No.

Did you and he remain friends?

Yes, but not as close as we had been. I got very jealous because he got quite a reputation for fucking every girl he could.

That jibes more with my impression of a skinhead. I always had the impression they were rough, working class kids who'd just as soon kill a gay as look at him.

That's a fairly accurate perception. The majority do hate "niggers, queers and jews", and those sort don't interest me at all — racism disgusts me. However, when I was living in London (77-85), there were a lot of skins on the gay scene

Many claimed not to be gay at all, saying that they were turned on dominating, abusing and sexually assaulting a queer bootlicker. It fits in with the image — skins are supposed to be tough and aggressive, so it's a mark of "superiority" if you can get a guy to submit to your control. A lot of skinhead masters aren't on the scene — they are the types who put ads in personal columns in magazines. The types I can't stand are the fake skins, guys who are just into the image, so they get their hair cropped, wear the clothes, but never become more than fakes.

Was Gary just into the image?

Gary was a real skinhead, but he was 100% gay.

Did he ever take you out and humiliate you publicly?

No.

Was he ever nice to you, or did he always treat you like a contemptible slave?

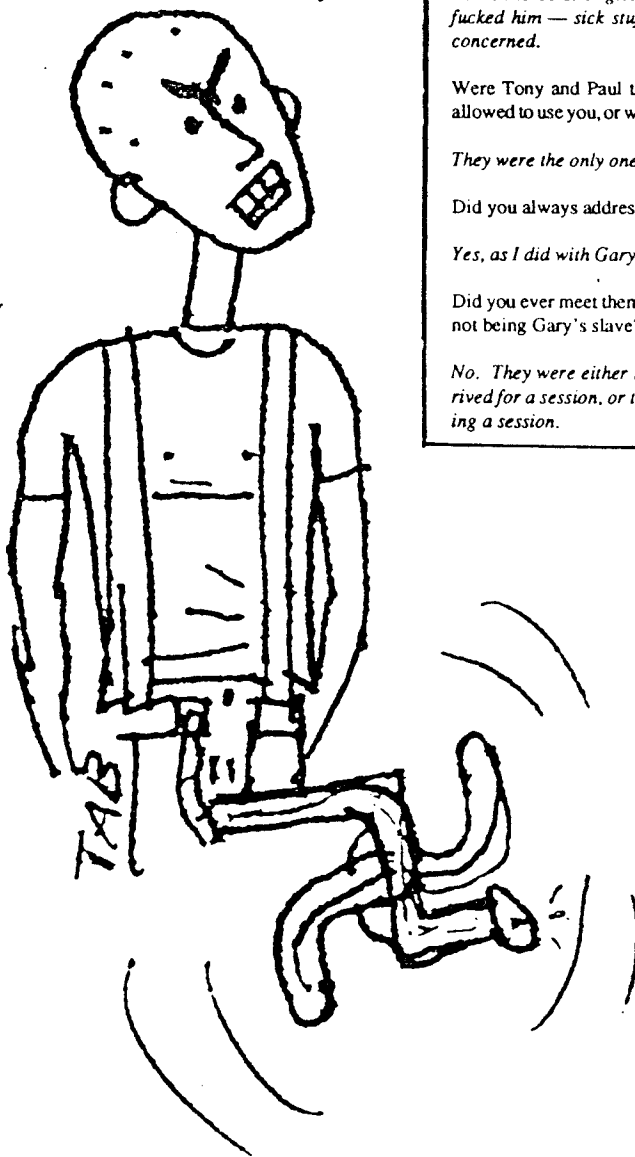
He was "nice" to me during times we sat around talking and having a beer etc. but in a session he treated me with nothing but contempt — he could keep it up for hours.

What did you say in the first letter you wrote to him, when you applied for the job of slave?

I just made sure it was a letter he would take notice of. I wrote frankly and honestly about my admiration for your skins, wrote at length about my initiation

by Gordon, and also at length about what I imagined him (Gary) doing to me. The letter was very respectful, somewhat groveling, and I made it clear wasn't a time-waster, i.e. "If I promise to do certain things for you I really will do them", and basically said that as long as you don't want to shit on me, beat me up, or kick me around, I'm yours for whatever purpose you have in mind. I think Gary sensed the honesty in my letter. Incidentally, he showed me on letter from another "applicant" and

## They smell great.



*enhanced the honesty of mine because this guy was full of shit. He basically said that he wanted to be tied up and raped by 6 teenage skinheads, and wanted to be strangled as the last boy fucked him — sick stuff, as far as I'm concerned.*

*Were Tony and Paul the only boys he allowed to use you, or were there others?*

*They were the only ones.*

*Did you always address them as Sir?*

*Yes, as I did with Gary.*

*Did you ever meet them when you were not being Gary's slave?*

*No. They were either there when I arrived for a session, or they arrived during a session.*

*Did you ever fail to perform to Gary's satisfaction, and did he punish you for it? If so, how?*

*Gary was never dissatisfied with my performance, but sometimes he would punish me in a very "cruel" way. Some-*

*times when I'd satisfied him he'd tell me to get dressed and would then "escort" me to the bus stop and wait for the bus to arrive. He knew it would take me an hour or so to get home (I'd have a hard on all the way), and I had to call him as soon as I got home and wank off as I talked to him on the phone.*

*Did he always make you say "skins rule, skins rule," when you jerked yourself off in front of him?*

*No. He sometimes forced me into "confessions", for example, he'd get Tony and Paul to stand over me:*

*"Do you like these boys?"*

*"Yes sir."*

*"Why?"*

*"Because they're goodlooking, smooth, muscular skinheads sir."*

*"How old are they?"*

*"16 sir."*

*"You fucking bastard, you like teenage boys?"*

*"Yes sir."*

*"You're a fucking dirty queer — what are you?"*

*"A fucking dirty queer sir."*

*"Queers like you are only good for two things — what are they?"*

*"Licking boots and sucking cock sir."*

*What became of Gordon?*

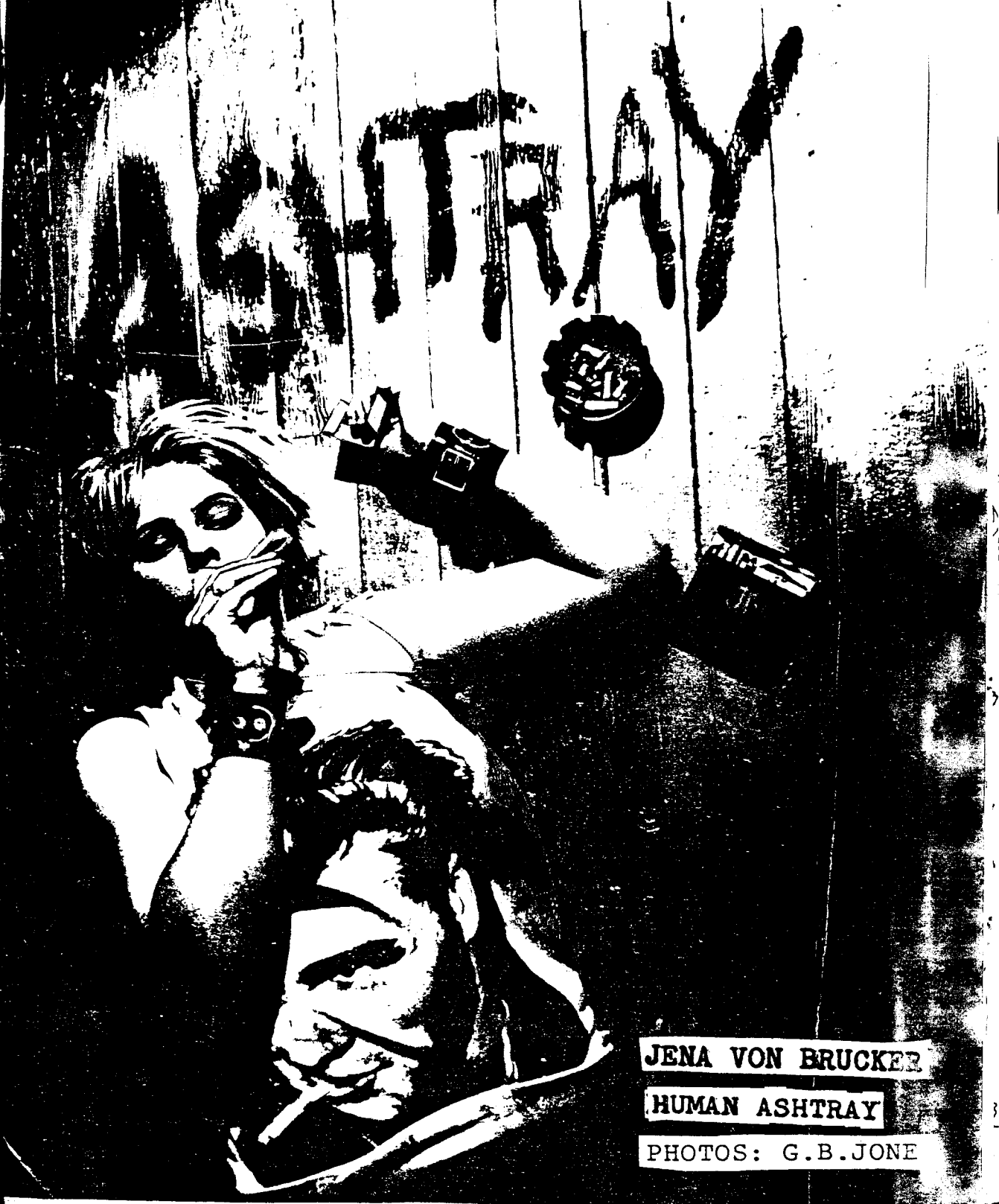
*When I left school we lost contact for a while, and I bumped into him and his girlfriend in a bar a couple of years later. Sadly, although he was still a rough, tough youth he was no longer a skinhead. The last I heard was a few years later, he'd been seen by one of my friends, was married and had 3 kids — what a fucking waste!*

**Did he always make you say "skins rule, skins rule," when you jerked yourself off in front of him?**

to JxDxS please send me your  
last issue of your zine I send two  
dollars; I don't remember how much  
is it but I send it two I'm been  
depressed my boyfriend leaves  
None cuz he is a punk &



we never fuck but we was in love. so strong



JENA VON BRUCKER

HUMAN ASHTRAY

PHOTOS: G.B.JONE



## Human Ashtray.

"Sometimes I feel like an ashtray — like you're a cigarette and you put yourself out in me."

Dean had taken to hanging out at the Club, an East Hollywood leather bar. The predatory night prowler, who dug anonymous



gotten into beating, boots, belts, and bondage scenes.

**Regulars at the Club**  
tagged him with a singular moniker: the  
**Human Ashtray.**

When stoned, he would bare his chest and beg for his masters to stub out their butts on it. After his fatal car crash, the coroner made note of the "constellation of kerotoid scars" on Jimmy's torso.

"Jimmy made a drawing once of a human ashtray; I suppose that's where the story got started. He was always making nasty drawings . . .

Dean's own interior self-expression was perhaps more obvious in his paintings, notwithstanding their derivative style and content. He kept at least two of them in his baggage over the next few years, and they were seen and remembered by some of his friends. One was a caricature of a man as an ashtray, his long arms holding burning cigarettes, his head nothing more than a giant mouth, a hole transfixed with a large cigar.

"Or he'd do something completely offbeat, like the ashtray crucifixion he created, using two matches placed on top of a heap of sugar he'd poured into the ash tray.

Another time I kissed a glass ashtray.

**JENA VON BRUCKER**

of new queercore band

**HUMAN ASHTRAYS**

will be heard

on the next J.D.s Top Ten Tape

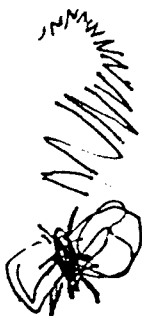






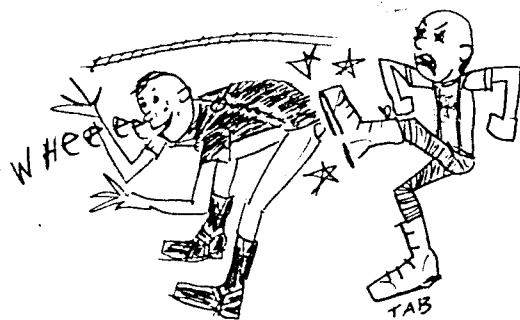
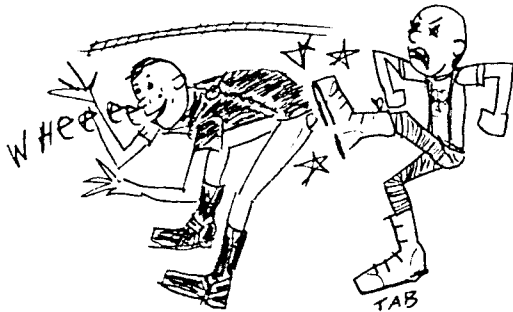
"skinheads are too much into neo-fascism to hold the fascination of a proud, honest and clean working-class youth cult."

Because British skins are famous for behaving like thugs at football (rugby) matches, especially those played away from home, the managers of the football clubs, "who were hoping to turn football watching into a family outing...reacted by increased policing of the fans and by herding them into segregated areas of the terraces. Special spiked fences were erected, there was the Arsenal cage, and one club was rumoured to have an underground room in which unruly fans were handcuffed to iron rings let into the walls."



Being handcuffed to iron rings in walls, or to anything at all, seems to me pretty much the ideal way to keep the majority of skinheads, who I've always thought have a little too much that is neo-nazi about them, and too little that is proud, honest, clean and *unbigoted* (my word, my italics). (The minority of skinheads, on the other hand, such as the one described in Issue 6, could turn me into their

boot slave anytime.) I was happy, therefore, when I received a letter from a reader out West who'd been delighted with Issue 6 and sent me pictures of his own "favorite Skin" being put in his place. "This Daddy's Boy," he writes, "always obeys his Daddy, and he always submits to his Daddy's discipline. Daddy's Boy is wearing his favorite Doc Martins: red, steel toe, 14 holers. He thinks they are the perfect fashion compliment to his sage-green bomber jacket. Of course, white boot laces are de rigueur,



## SKINHEAD 1969:

## YOUTH FORCED TO LICK BEST FRIEND'S BOOTS

Living in a small town in the North of England hadn't done much to teach me about sex. At 14, I was totally innocent — I knew I liked looking at other boys in the shower at school, but didn't know what to do about it. Gordon would soon rectify that.

He was my best mate at school, a year older than me and a really cute and clean looking, nicely

cropped blonde hair, shiny, combat-style boots and tough, aggressive. He would make him feel the meaning if you didn't know. He was always getting into trouble for wearing his boots to school, but he didn't give a fuck. Every break and lunch, he would go behind the bike shed and take out his frustration.

One day we were having a smoke and he suggested that we miss a class and go round to his house. I thought "what the hell!" He lived close to the school, and ten minutes later we were in his bedroom. Saying that he was getting changed, he unbuttoned his shirt and took it off, revealing his smooth, boyishly muscled body — strong shoulders and arms, shapely little chest, and washboard stomach. He stood over me and sneered as he looked down at me.

"I want you to get down on your knees and lick my fucking boots."

I laughed — "I don't think I could do that Gordon."

An unexpected slap soon took the smile off my face.

"I wasn't fucking joking, and I wasn't asking you to do it, I'm telling you. Now get on your fucking knees."

I was suddenly scared, very scared so I got on my knees and licked the big shiny boot from my face.

"Lick them."

I started with the toe-cap of one boot, then at first, then more. I realised I was enjoying it. I felt my cock growing hard.

"You fuck, you love it don't you?"

"You spend about ten minutes licking them all over."

Stop. Now unlace them and take them off. I did as I was told, the socks, and give them to him. I put my arms down by my sides and don't even think of sneaking a glance at him.

He put his hand behind my head, the other, covered my nose and sniffed with the socks.

"Sniff them, breathe them in."

I couldn't believe what was happening, it felt so good, but the smell of sweat and boot leather was really turning me on. Still holding my face he unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off, then he lay down, unzipped my trousers and put my hard cock, and started playing with it. I'd dreamt about this for so long.

What he did next surprised me even more. He knelt behind me, pulled down my back, and tied my legs together with one of the socks.

He pulled me up and pushed me down on my back. I was lying on my back, he took his trousers off, then stood by the bed, rubbing the front of his tiny purple briefs.

"I'm going to make you do it. If your friend does for the first time in my life, I'll have a naked boy with an erection. I wanted him so bad. He put his trousers and briefs over me with his face inches from mine.

"You like boys don't you?"

"No."

Another hard slap brought me back to my senses.

Truth or lie, he hurt you. He said boys don't like you?"

"Yes."

He sneered at me, fucking me. He noticed you look at him spat in my face and rubbed it all over, then forced two fingers in my mouth and made me suck them. "Get used to it. You'll be sucking my fingers."

Gripping my head between his hands, he forced his mouth against mine and began to suck me savagely. His passionate thrusts against my hard body thrust me back and forth. I could feel our cocks rubbing together, fuck it felt good. He reached down,

clenched his fist round my cock and started to wank me.

"Do you want me to toss you off?"

"Oh fuck, fuck my darling sissy dick and jack off in your pants! Your mouth is a wonderful cunt!"

"Take your little dick and jack off in your pants! Your mouth is a wonderful cunt!"

"You feel so good. This immediately precipitated my sissy climax."

"You are so queer, my darling girl-boy!"

"I felt so queer and longed so to have a woman."

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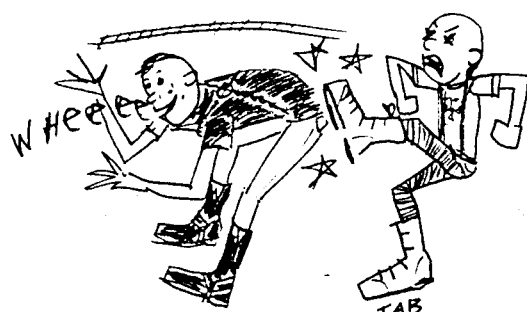
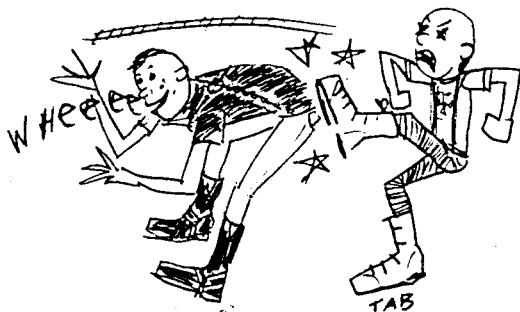
"I felt so queer and longed so to have a woman."

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"Oh yes Gordon, yes."

I cried out in pain as he grabbed my balls and twisted them hard. "That's your first mistake slag. You're mine, and you don't tell me what you want. Got it?"

"Yes."

He knelt over my face, and to my shock, rubbed the tip of his cock against my lips.

"Open up."

When I hesitated, he

and spit in my face

"I fucking open up, so do it."

He hissed his tool in my mouth and

Yeah, choke on it bitch, now sucking."

I obeyed — shocked — he was doing to me, but he suddenly turned on — there I was, tied up, with a dirty, young skinhead boy's cock in my mouth. As I sucked he moaned obscenities, thrusting faster and faster, really pumping my face. Maybe five minutes passed and my jaws began to ache.

"Oh fuck I'm going to shoot."

I tried to turn my head but he thought I'd throw up if I moved my mouth, but he gripped my head even harder.

"Queer, you're gonna take it, oh fuck!"

He cried out as the first bolt of hot creamy spunk hit the back of my throat. I was surprised to find it was sweet as I swallowed it — I had no choice and

Eventually his thrusts got off and I started to

"Did I say move?"

"No."

He stayed there until I

He left the room and returned a couple of minutes later with some

lengths of rope — shit, what was going to do now? He turned down, untied me, and re-tied me with the rope, much tighter. The sock had been. Then he spread my legs wide, tied each ankle to the corner of the bed, and he left me there. I heard him go into the bathroom and showering, and it seemed an eternity before he returned. He walked back in — he was naked. He'd

put his boots back on and had an erection again. His huge cock was smeared with lubricant. He stood where I was and played with himself. I've never fucked another boy, and I know you've never had a cock up your arse. This could be interesting."

With horror, I suddenly realised what he intended to do to me. I began to struggle against the ropes and said, "No please don't, don't do that to me."

He jumped on top of me and forced my bound wrists behind my back, causing considerable pain.

"Want, I'm going to fuck you whether you want me to or not — fuck — take this."

He rammed the head of his cock inside me — nothing happened for a moment, then the wave of pain hit. It felt like I was being split open.

"Take it out, take it out!" I screamed.

In response, he forced my face into the ropes to muffle my shouts and tried to push his cock deeper into my tight virgin arse.

I sobbed as the tough young skinhead raped me, impaling me with his cock. Finally I could feel that he was all the way in — he wrapped his strong arms round me, and just lay there with me, letting me get used to it. It hurt so much. As the pain subsided, it was replaced by a feeling of overwhelming

"Oh fuck me Gordon, you are a fairy — to me."

"You want to be a fairy?"

"Oh yes, fuck my brains out."

He began to fuck me — slowly at first, then building in power and intensity until his hard young body was slamming against mine, almost pulling his

cock all the way out before ramming it back in. The ropes were biting into my wrists and ankles, but I didn't care. We both moaned uncontrollably as his thrusts grew more frenzied — he reached under me, gripped my cock and jerked me as he fucked. Faster and faster.

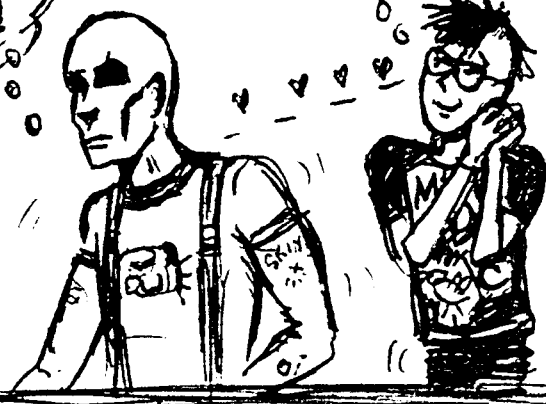
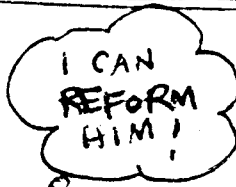
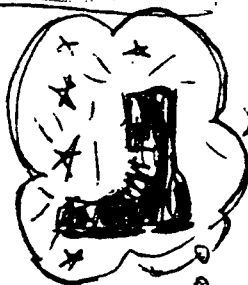
"Take it bitch, fucking take it!"

He cried out as he shot his load deep inside me, and at the same time I began to shoot — it felt like I'd died and gone to heaven.

After that day Gordon had every opportunity to use me. Instead of going to school he stayed at home, and he made sheds at lunchtimes. He took me into a cubicle in the pub where he'd force me to have sex and make me lick his boots

and suck him off. Once or twice a week he'd take me home, and although I knew it would mean being tied up, being verbally abused and humiliated and raped, I submitted willingly. In a few short weeks I went from a virgin to a full-fledged skinhead's boot-boy.

All good things come to an end — one afternoon his Dad came home early from work and caught us at it. Next day Gordon told me that his Dad would have to stop. "If they caught me fucking a girl, I'd be in trouble, but if they caught me doing something queer, my Dad would fucking kill me." I didn't get the chance to serve another skinhead for several years, but it was well worth the wait.



TAB

SKINHEAD 1983:

"THE DOOR OPENED AND IN WALKED TWO YOUNG SKINHEAD BOYS"

An ad in the latest issue of "Stud" magazine caught my eye. "Skinhead, 21, seeks boot-slave willing to submit to bondage, verbal abuse/humiliation etc. Send name and address only to Bob."

I complied with the ad. About ten days later I got a letter in the mail. It was from a skinhead. He explained that he was writing to all the guys who had written to him, and he would be choosing one to train on a regular basis. He enclosed an envelope with a photo, and he said to look at it and write to him. I felt about the photo exactly what I was willing to do. When I opened the envelope and saw his photo I nearly creamed my jeans — he was blond, very good looking,

muscular, wearing tiny denim shorts, a white mesh tank top, and big black Doc Marten boots. He looked mean, sexy, just the sort of skin I wanted to serve and obey.

That evening I sat down and wrote him a long letter describing how skinheads made me feel. I'd lost my virility at the age of 14, and what I was willing to do for him.

I half expected to hear from him, but a few days later he called me. He said the letter was fucking great. He was choosing me from the "applicants", and after talking for 20 minutes, he decided that he definitely wanted me. We set a date for that evening, he told me to bring my part of the deal and the bus stop which bus stop I waited.

Going across the bus that night I was nervous and twice, almost decided to back and not go through. I usually got to the bus stop he arrived, checked my watch — ten minutes early, so I smoked a cigarette as I waited.

"All right John, how are ya?" I turned, and there he was — "God, he's even sexier than in the photo" I thought as he gave me a firm handshake.



He was wearing camouflage fatigues and tank top, the streetlights were reflected by the shiny toe-caps of his menacing boots. "Come on, let's get back to my place."

After walking for a few minutes we arrived at his flat and he showed me round, kitchen, bathroom, living room, guest room, and then his bedroom. I noticed that he'd set his weight training bench up facing a full-length mirror on the wall, and my mouth went dry when I saw ropes and handcuffs laid out on the bed, ready for use.

We went into the living room and sat for a while talking, drinking a beer, and watching a hot video that he'd got in Holland. Eventually he said "Right, I think it's time we got started. Go into the bathroom, strip off, get into what I've put out for you. Come back in here and stand there" — he pointed to the centre of the room.

I stood in the bathroom and looked in the mirror, half filled with excitement, and half with fear. I'd got changed into the "uniform" — army-style camouflage shorts and a matching tank top — I was already getting a hard on.

I went into the living room and stood to attention as he'd told me. I heard him come in and he faced me.

"You want to be my slave?"

"Yes sir."

"You'll let me tie you up and humiliate you?"

"Yes sir."

He put his hand on the front of my shorts and rubbed.

"You'll let me use you for sex any way I want?"

"Yes sir."

He spit in my face, and I could feel it trickling down my cheek. He gave an evil grin.

"I just hope you realise what you've let yourself in for."

He picked up a heavy, studded leather collar, fastened it round my neck, and secured it with a padlock. He put a leather cuff on each of my arms behind my back. He padlocked the cuffs to the back of my collar so my wrists were immobilised half way up my back. Finally he knelt and clicked a pair of shackles round my ankles.

Wow babe!

He grabbed a handful of hair and pulled so I had to lean over backwards — his handsome, sneering face was inches away from mine. He spit again.

"You fucking queer, what am I going to do with you? Get on your fucking knees." He forced me down. "You licked a skinhead's boots before?" "Yes sir."

"Do it good or you'll fucking regret it."

I eagerly licked his boots all over, he continued to spit on me and verbally abuse me.

"Yeah, grovel you fucking queer, you love licking a skinhead's boots don't you?"

He told me to stop, put a hand on my chest, and pushed me onto the floor. He took off his belt and lay on the floor next to me.

"I began to lick his smooth chest — his muscles flexed appreciatively as he sucked on his nipples.

"Yeah, suck it, bastard." After a few minutes I worked my way up his washboard stomach — I gripped my head and forced my face into the bulge in his trousers.

"Fucking eat it bitch." I licked and nibbled the bulge, feeling it grow and harden.

He jumped up and attached a chain to my collar.

"Come on, it's time you really learnt how to fucking serve a skinhead."

I shuffled behind him as we went into the kitchen. He opened the fridge,

took out a beer and opened it.

"You like beer?"

"Yes sir."

He took a sip from the can, spit it out, and laughed. He led me into his bedroom and removed the straps.

"Get on the fucking bench."

I obeyed — he was partly way up, so I was hanging, half lying. He stretched his arms above my head and tied my wrists to the barbell supports; tied my ankles to the legs of the bench; a rope passed under the bench and tied round my waist, and another round my neck completed the restraint. He stood behind me.

"Look at yourself in the mirror... You look like a real cunt don't you?"

"Yes sir."

"What do you look like?"

"A cunt sir."

"Again, I didn't hear you."

"A cunt SIR!" I shouted.

He straddled the bench with his back to me, undid his belt, unzipped his trousers and eased them down. He was wearing a jockstrap under his firm, muscular little penis, exposed to me.

"Kiss my fucking arse queer."

He forced himself onto my face, stuck his arse, sticking my fingers between his cheeks as far as I could.

For about an hour he humiliated and abused me, getting more and more brutal. I was longing for him to stop, but he clearly wasn't going to.

Finally he untied me and pushed me back into the living room. He made me kneel with my back to him, and I was restrained again with a tape on, and stood over me as he watched it. His throbbing cock was straining against the thin white material of the jockstrap — he pulled the pouch aside and plunged it into my mouth.

"I haven't wanked off for a week, so my balls are burning. Better give me the best blowjob job I've ever had."

I was so horny I suck cock like I've never before — for a long time. My face, breaking off in a gasp, resumed the assault. He knew he was going to come the way — he gripped my head between his hands and thrust into my mouth at a rapid rate, moaning "Take it, you fucking queer cunt, oh take it!" He shot in my mouth — I was taking that handsome young lad's load.

He turned me to face the tv, and another tape on.

"Watch the tape, and wank yourself — you know what I want you to do."

On the screen two cute boys were satisfying their lust as I wanked.

"Come on slag, I want to see you shoot, fucking do it NOW!"

Fuck, I could hold back no longer — as my spunk splattered on his boots I had to moan "Skins rule, skins rule" over and over.

As a final act of humiliation he forced me down and made me lick my spunk off his boots.

He told me he was really having me as his slave, was going to serve him on a regular basis, starting with the next following Saturday night. More than willingly agreed.

"You don't have to come to the house, so come straight here, and be prepared to start the session the second you come through the door."

The following Saturday when I rang his doorbell I was feeling hot and ready to serve. He opened the door I gasped — he was standing there in full skinhead gear — tiny black leather Doc Marten boots, leather tank top, studded master's collar, a studded leather gauntlet (wrist to elbow) on each forearm, fingerless leather gloves, mirrored sunglasses hiding his eyes.

Skinheads turn out to be a lot like I love the look, feel, and on the taste of leather. Gary dressed like that himself.

"Get on the bench," he commanded. "Put these on" — he threw me a pair of shorts and a tank top at me.

I changed and he took me into the bedroom where he again tied me down.

He weighed the weights bench.

He was tying the last strap on the doorbell rang.

"Good time."

He checked the restraints and left the room. I heard him go to the front door, then his voices — shit, what was going on? For the first time I was frightened. I strained against the ropes and handcuffs but it was no good, he'd made a good job of securing me to the bench. For about half an hour I lay there, just waiting for whatever he had in store for me.

The door suddenly opened and I got the second surprise of the evening — in walked two young skinhead boys. One was blond, the other dark haired, very cute. Both were dressed the same —



stripped to the waist, wearing camouflage fatigues and boots.

My cock twitched in my shorts as I looked at their smooth, boyishly muscled bodies, and realised I was powerless to stop them from doing whatever they wanted to me.

The blond boy spoke. "So you're the fucking queer Gary's been telling us about?"

"Yes sir."

He grinned. "Shit, listen to that Tony, he calls a 16 year old boy 'sir'."

"Yeah Paul, show him who's fucking boss."

The kid straddled the bench and stood over me, posing and flexing, running his hands down his young torso onto the front of his trousers.

"Like what you see?"

"Yes sir."

"I want to hear you talk dirty, tell me why I turn you on."

I described him, telling him I respected and admired him, and enjoyed serving him.

He was turned on — the bulge in his trousers was growing rapidly. He slapped them, reached into his briefs, pulled his hard cock out, and rammed it straight in my mouth.

"I've never been sucked by a queer, so let's see what you're made of."

As he pumped, he encouraged him.

He saw the queer's face, really give it to him.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Tony leaning against the wall — he had taken his cock out and was wanking as he watched his mate rape me. God he was big — he had a huge cock that any 16 year old would be proud of.

All too soon Paul's body arched, he threw back his head, crying out loud as he shot his load down my throat. He was immediately replaced by Tony — as I took the huge head of his cock I looked up at him, I knew this handsome, muscular young skin was really going to give it to me.

He sneered and spit on me. "You like sucking 16 year old boys' cocks eh? Try *this* one for size."

He fucked my mouth with youthful energy and aggression, a lot rougher than Paul had been, and I soon took a second load.

They stood at the end of the bench.

"I've heard all queers have little cocks" Paul said. "Is it true?"

"No sir."

He looked at Tony and reached inside my shorts. "Let's have a look then." He clenched his fist round my cock and began to move his hand slowly up and down my shaft. "Not bad — for a queer. Have a feel Tony."

Tony knelt at the other side of the bench and they both played with my cock and balls. They worked me over until I was dying to come.

"Do you want me to bring you off?"

"Oh please."

They suddenly stopped and

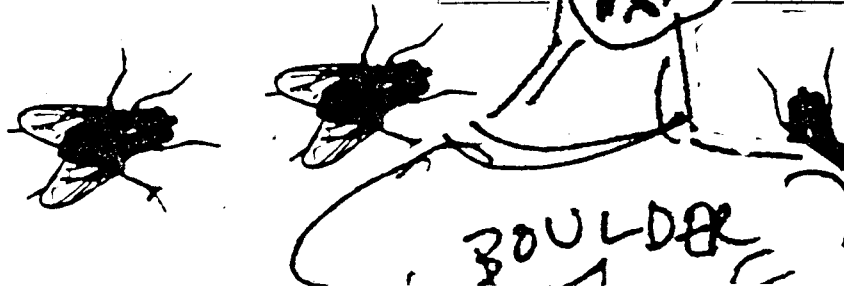
"Tough luck sucker. Gary told us to leave you for him to finish."

The blond kid rubbed his hands on his trousers. "Lots of guys look at me 'cos I'm cute and I usually beat them up. You're lucky that you're Gary's friend. You give a fucking great fuck. You'll be seeing us again."

They left, and I had to spend a couple more hours serving Gary before I was allowed to finally wank myself off.

Over the next few months I went to serve Gary once a week and Paul and Tony were often there to dominate and use me well.

English skinheads are great. I feel the same way about punks, smooth bikers, young bodybuilders and blond, tanned California beach-boy types.

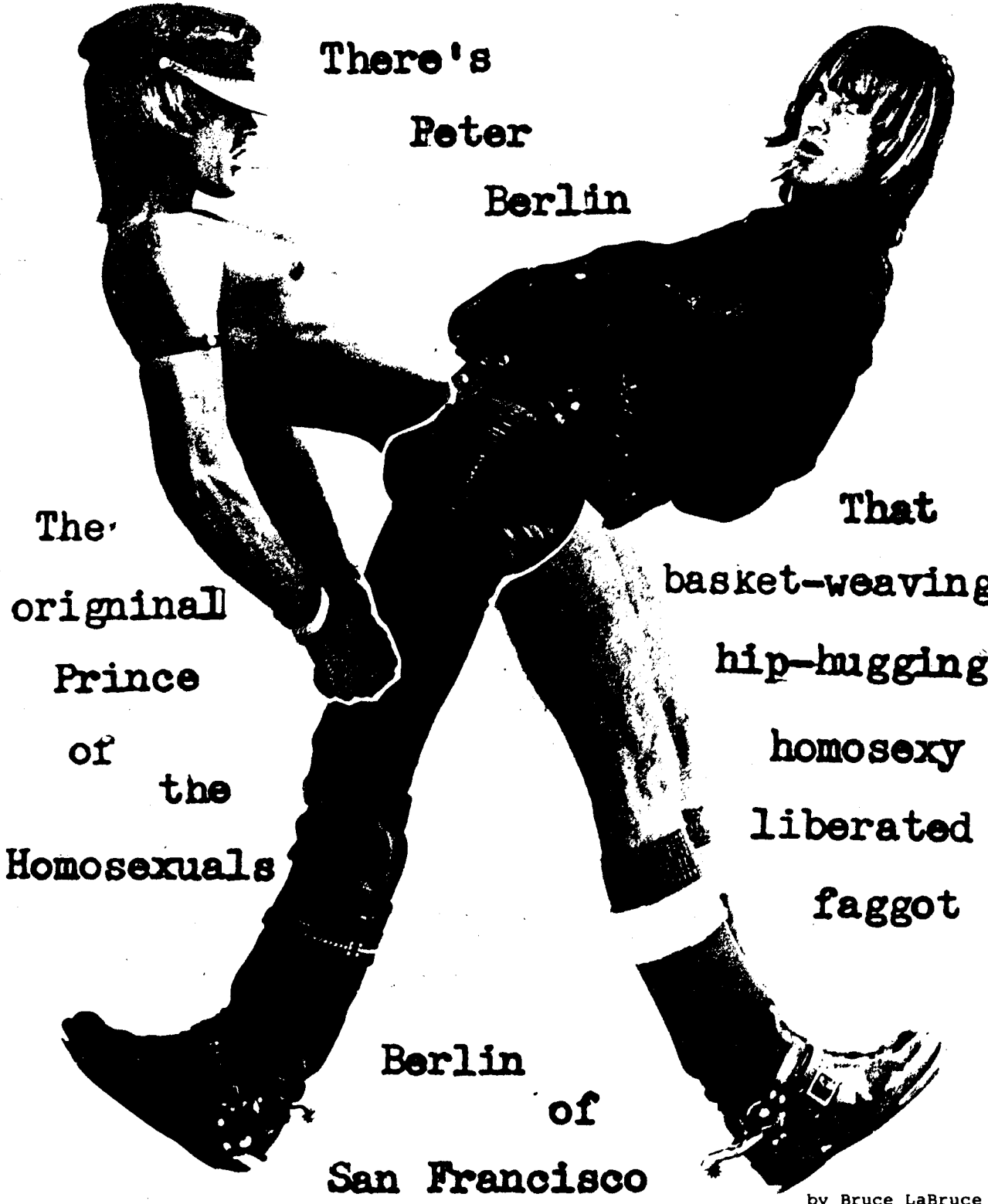


PHOTOS: G.B.JONES



Janet and Barbra and Dickie and Dave-id: the way cool world of dyke & fag fun-making sex stuff...queercore!

Here's Dickie & Dave-id (J.D.s #2 coverboy) FINDING EACH OTHER AT A FIFTH COLUMN SHOW, (AND KNOCKING OVER A FEW CHAIRS ALONG THE WAY). THEY THEN HEADED OVER TO THE SALMON HUT WITH JIL-666 SHOWING THE WAY, STOPPING ONLY TO SHOPLIFT SOME SMOKES AND MAKE-OUT IN SOME BACK-ALLEY. THEY FOUND THE SALMON HUT GANG GOING FULL BLAST WITH JANET & BARBRA AND LUCKILY DIDI 7'S CAMERA WAS READY AND LOADED FOR G.B. JONES TO CATCH THE ACTION AS THE SHOW STARTED. DAVE-ID CAN BE SEEN IN G.B. JONES' "TROUBLEMAKERS" AND IN BRUCE LA BRUCE'S "BOY/GIRL" AT THE PURPLE INSTITUTE ON MAY 4 AT J.D.S HOME MOVIE EXTRAVAGANZA



There's  
Peter  
Berlin

The  
original  
Prince  
of  
the  
Homosexuals

That  
basket-weaving  
hip-hugging  
homosexy  
liberated  
faggot

Berlin  
of  
San Francisco



Of all the spectacular landmarks I was dying to see on my recent trip to San Francisco, Peter Berlin easily topped the list. The original Prince of the Homosexuals, Berlin's hip-hugging, basket-weaving, liberated faggot style of the early seventies was way ahead of its time then, and remains way homosexy today. That mappy face framed by that straight blonde hair; that swell chest and washboard stomach - but drop your camera! There's where the excitement is.

It was nearing the end of my time in the Capitol of the World and I still hadn't seen Peter Berlin. G.B. Jones had already spotted him twice - once at the Gay Day Parade (which I missed because I couldn't find it - quite an accomplishment in San Francisco) and once at Walgreen's - but I hadn't even had a glimpse of him. Then, on my second last night, at the world-renown STUD, I saw him across a crowded room. I turned to my dear friend and confidante Eric the Human Ashtray and said "Oh my god, it's Peter Berlin. I'm going home with him tonight!" Staggering towards a legend, I drank in his ensemble: jock-strap over tight, see-thru, cream-coloured, knee-length tights furnishing a packed meat-case and exposed buttocks, a black leather cap and jacket with studs and chains, high-top sneakers, no shirt.... he looked just like one of his photographs. Drunk with excitement, and otherwise, my first words to the real Mr. Showmanship were "You've got to take me home with you tonight". Due to circumstances beyond my control, this was not to be; however, he did invite me over to his place for an interview at the end of our hour-long, intimate conversation at the bar.

The interview was conducted in Peter Berlin's tony apartment in the Projects right behind the Mint. A veritable shrine to his own godhead, the walls of his bedroom were plastered with self-portraits of Peter, both photographic and painted, without a single representation of another human being in sight. For the interview, Mr. Berlin chose a pair of off-white sheer shorts showcasing an ample packet, off-white wool socks and ankle warmers, and a navy Bad Boy Club of Provincetown sweatshirt hiked up above the navel. With MTV blaring in the background to make me feel more comfortable (he said), I and my tape recorder were invited onto Peter Berlin's bed. With my face only a few feet away from one of the world's most famous baskets, lying on my stomach with my feet in the air, feet crossed at the ankles like a teen-ager in front of

P: My name is Peter Berlin and some people think I am a star. I let people think what I want. If I would make the people think what I want. Why, because I am a superstar. It is an honor many times. Well, when I was drunk and I was with you and you find me and you say Oh, no. people think I am a star.

BlaB: Are you okay?  
PB: I'm okay.  
BlaB: Where do you want to do this?  
Right here?  
PB: Uh, yah. Right here.  
B: Can I pull this chair over?  
P: Yah, or you can sit on the bed.  
B: Okay!!!  
P: because I always spend a lot of time on my bed. You see I like either one of two things - to lie down or to stand up.  
B: Let's do a test. Okay, say "My name is Peter Berlin, and I am a superstar".  
P: My name is Peter Berlin and some people think I am a star, yes. I let people think what they want. If I would have more power I would make them stop.  
B: Why, because it's irritating?  
P: Among other things it's irritating. It is annoying at times, boring many times...  
B: Well, when I came up to you at the STUD the other night, I was kind of drunk and I came right up to you...  
P: Uh, you were drunk. I didn't notice that.  
B: ...and I said, "Oh, you're Peter Berlin. I want you to take me home with you!" and you were very gracious, and you didn't brush me off or something, which was really nice. But do you find a lot of people come up to you and say things like that to you and you get testy with them?  
P: Oh, no. My attitude usually keeps people away.  
(Brrrrrrriinnnggg - telephone rings.)  
...so even if they would like to they don't come.  
Hello? No he's not. I don't know. He should be home in a while. Okay. Click.  
B: So most people don't even approach you because you're somewhat intimidating.  
P: Yah, and I learned over time that that is the best way to deal with the situation. I know that it seems rather difficult for people to see me, the person, rather than seeing that image I skillfully created. People or course don't see the difference. I sort of expect that people still relate to a person and not to some...  
B: Icon.  
P: ...some commodity, especially a sexual commodity where one likes to grab the

cookie and I have to refuse because of having my own ideas of what I want, and what people want is usually a bit different. But I think that goes not only for me but for all of us.  
B: So what do you think most people want when they approach you to have sex?  
P: They want that I give them a good time, and that I fit quite well in their fantasy idea.  
B: But don't you think some people just want to fuck you because you are famous?  
P: I think there might be some people with that idea, to just be able to brag. It's very hard in a way to understand, but it seems some people fall for that. If somebody gives me a good time then I don't mind, but usually people are just selfish and think about their own good time.  
B: It's like when Fassbinder died and all these people came out and sold their stories: "My Night With Fassbinder", "I Fucked Fassbinder", blah blah blah. Then it becomes very commodifiable because they can sell their story.  
P: Yah, yah, that is why the people I deal with I select very carefully. People who brag like that usually have a problem on their hand. And it is for me to keep problems out of my life. I mean, it sort of keeps you very much alone with very few friends, but that beats the other alternative.  
B: So do you have a very small circle of friends?  
P: Very small.  
B: Like, one? (Laughs)  
P: Uh, I'm afraid, uh, so. One has left, the other ones sort of died in the last few years, and it's an intriguing, sad happening what gives me much to think about, but I always felt quite comfortable by myself, so I am not in need of company. Actually company is best when getting out of your sphere, meaning company is good for a limited time...  
B: So you like to be in control of the situation so you can extract yourself from it.  
P: I mean, that's the whole idea. If you're not in control, if you let other people control you, you are in big trouble, and in order to do that you have to feel quite comfortable with yourself so you don't feel the need for other people. Today a friend just becomes an acquaintance, and I don't see any reason for having an acquaintance in your life. I don't know what an acquaintance is good for. Maybe there is some sort of technical point, for the comfort of your life sometimes an acquaintance has a certain function, but....

B: Do you have any female friends?  
Or how do you relate to women in general?

P: Women play a very little role in my life.. I have a mother and a grandmother and a sister and I always had a very good relation, and I got to know some female friends or some girls who sort of came into my life...

B: Did you ever have sex with a woman?

P: Never, no.

B: Me neither.

P: I never - it intrigues my head because I am cutting off half the available objects of pleasure, but it's not so much a conscious decision, but just an occurrence in my life that never came up, or had the urge to try. Like my sister suggested that I should maybe try because one doesn't know if one is gay until one has tried a girl....

B: So you're openly gay with your family.

P: Yeah, it sort of became public when I was about 17.

B: Where was this?

P: In Germany, when I lived in Berlin. That was, or course, an occurrence in my family what wasn't liked and was not understood, so there was a break with my family, but that is all forgotten today, I have a good relation, they understand.

B: Are they aware of your... reputation?

P: They sort of have an idea, because I don't keep secrets, but I think they really just have a vague idea. I think that goes for many parents, who just haven't the slightest idea what their son or daughter is all about, especially when it comes to their sexuality. It's a thing you discuss with your peers and friends rather than with your family, and usually it's very healthy and good if one breaks quite early - by the mid-teen years it's nice to already have your feelers out in the world and have your family in the background, because they can be a great hindrance in one's life.

B: Uh huh!

P: Especially the father.

B: Did you have any brothers?

P: Yeah, I had a brother, he died about twenty years ago in an accident. He was completely straight as much as anybody else in my family was completely straight. My sister married and got divorced and has 3 boys, so quite normal upbringing.

B: So you're Uncle Peter.

P: No, I'm Uncle Armin, because Peter is just an assumed name. So they call me by my real name. But I'm an uncle, yes.

B: What's your last name?

P: Von Hoyningen-Henne.

B: (Laughs)

P: That's why I changed it, exactly.

B: Can you spell it?

P: Of course I can spell it.

B: No, will you?

P: Will, will I? It is V-O-N, new word, H-O-Y-N-I-N-G-E-N dash H-E-N-N-E. Then you can put a title in front of it, it's like Baron, what most people don't know either, coming from a very good family, which sort of doesn't go together with the image people have

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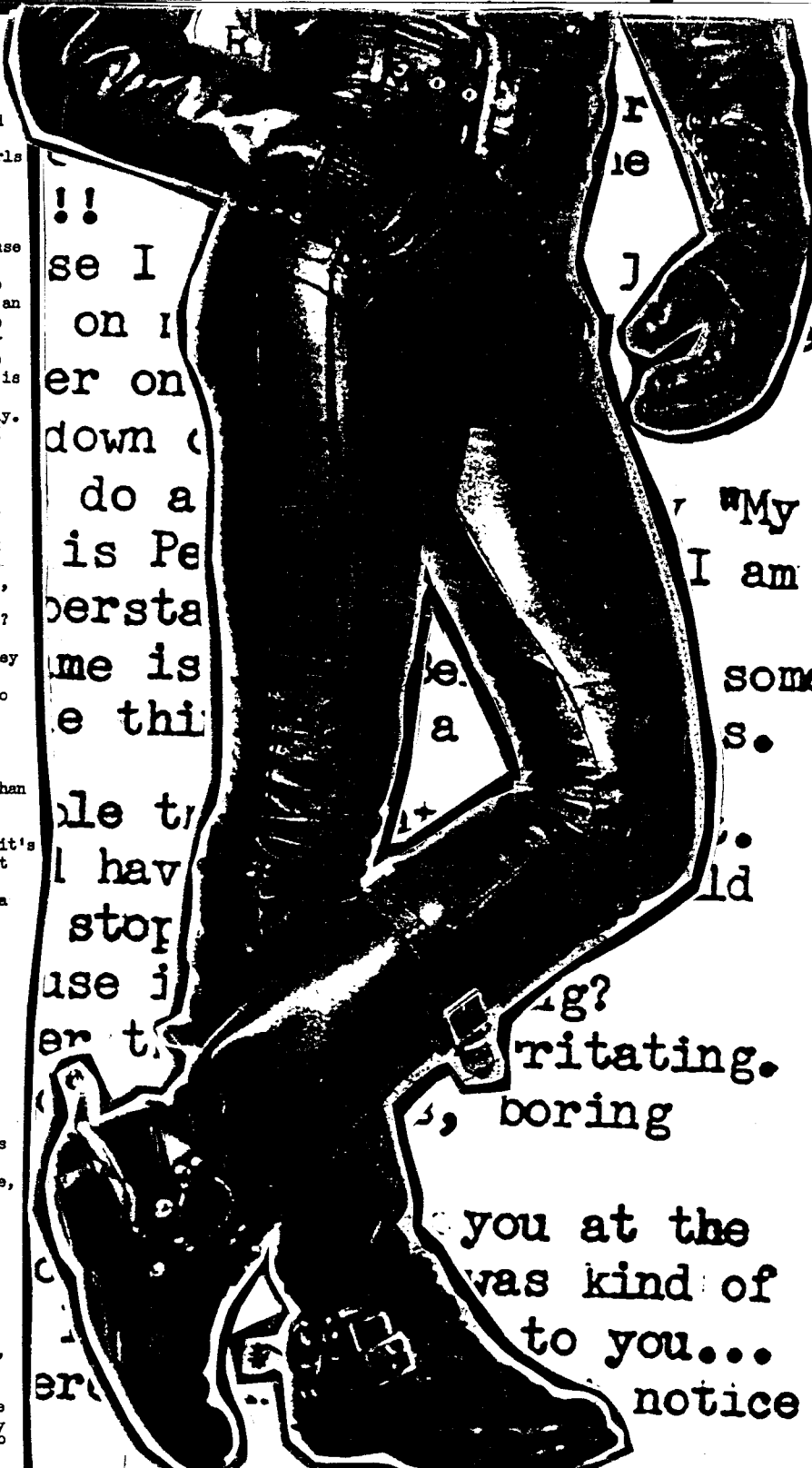
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notice



B: Everyone here

are so many

P: Oh yes...

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- Oh, so you're a Baron.
- P: Yah, and I'm one of the very few people who sort of stepped down rather than.... I have another friend in Germany, his name is Peter - oh I shouldn't even mention that....
- B: Don't worry, no one reads this magazine anyway.
- P: No, it's only that some people, they rather improve their image by adding something, so I subtracted, what I thought very modest and unpretentious, and I like that.
- B: When did you drop Baron?
- P: Oh, I mean I never dropped it legally, on my papers I have my name, but I came to America and people just have always asked that stupid question, "What's your name"....
- B: (thinking to himself) Like me.
- P: ... and I said my real name and they didn't understand and I had to repeat it and I had to spell it and I got sick of it so I became Peter.
- B: How in the world did you come up with Peter Berlin? Berlin obviously because you came from Berlin...
- P: Yah, actually I chose a different name first. When I made this film and I was sitting there working on the poster, I had to come up with a name...
- B: Which film, Nights in Black Leather?
- P: Right. And I had to come up with a name and I kept Peter and I added Bourian, that was another German boy I knew, and I sort of took that, but then he made me drop it because of telling me he would sue me so then I changed it to Berlin and that was easy to understand and easy to...
- B: Digest.
- P: ... remember.
- B: And also very... sexy!
- P: Yah, it just sort of popped in my head, there was not a big thought process going on with all that, it just sort of happened.
- B: So, um, I have to say, I haven't seen your film.
- P: Oh most people haven't and they haven't really missed anything...
- B: Do you fuck in them or do you just...
- P: I pretend to, yes.
- B: You pretend to fuck somebody?
- P: Mmm Hmmm. I pretend.
- B: I think it's really great that you never show your cock ...
- P: I do, I do show it in the film, but basically most of my photography and work is where I rather sort of hide it - not really hide it but conceal it. I think that's a better word. It's more erotic in my view.
- B: Mine too.
- P: But the opinions vary.
- B: Well what do you think of all these new people like Jeff Stryker and all those guys. Have you met them - all those people?
- P: No, no, I haven't met, no, somebody came over once and said, "Oh, how are you?" and I said, "Oh, fine", and he said, "You don't recognize me?" and I guess it was some kind of porno star.
- B: You can't remember his name?
- P: I didn't remember then and I don't remember now. I don't know anyone really

legislate things like that

with a book that like that.

- in that business, and that business unfortunately is a very poor one. I think the good porno film hasn't been made yet. It's just a big glut or wastes of pretty faces, pretty bodies. The exclusiveness now of pornography versus some regular Hollywood film is just a big sad comment on society. I just hope one day one can see a film with talent and the money and creative input of talented people who are including sexuality in the story or a film.
- B: So in *Nights in Black Leather* and *That Boy*, are there, like, narratives in them?
- P: Sort of, yes. It's all child's play. It's nothing to write home about.
- B: Who directed them?
- P: It's me who did that first film with a friend and I was standing in front of a camera and I was telling him what to do.
- B: Was it 16mm?
- P: It was 16mm, yah. And I realized how difficult it is to direct in front of a camera and to convey an idea to somebody else and I realized that I had to eliminate the photographer or cameraman, what is very easy with video, which is why I love video now. Video is the medium because you can really eliminate the cameraman.
- B: What do you video with your video camera? Do you video yourself?
- P: I have hours and hours and hours and hours of me, yes.
- B: Uh, can I have one?
- P: Well, you see I have a lot of tapes that are not edited and I just don't like to show unedited stuff because the idea doesn't come across and the editing process is really what makes or breaks a film. I hope I can one day finish, but I cannot work in a studio, I have to have my own equipment. So at the moment I need a thousand dollars just to get editing equipment.
- B: Uh, that's what I was going to ask you, because you're a Baron and all that, do you have, like, an income from your family?
- P: I wish I did, you see that's why I don't present myself as one, because the family fortune was all lost in the Second World War and I lost my father in the war and my mother just had to flee with three little children, so we lost everything.
- B: Why did you have to flee?
- P: Uh, because of the Russians.
- B: Uh.
- P: The Russians were coming, the Russians were coming.
- B: So were your parents members of the Party? Nazi Party.
- P: No, my father was in the army. He died as a German soldier. My mother was at that time 17 or 18, so she was a little girl, and that whole period made us pay with the life of my father and the fortune was gone. But then as a child, if you grow up poor... I think it was a really good start for me because I learned to appreciate, to be happy with very little. That gave me a very good foundation. So I never had a lot of money but always enough to live very comfortably without much work at all. I think I worked three years of my life.

think homosexuality makes so much sense - you have it all within you, you don't even

- B: What did you work at?
- P: I worked as a manager in a movie house in Germany.
- B: At what age?
- P: Oh my god, I have such a bad memory, but maybe 19, 20, 21...
- B: When did you come to America?
- P: I think about '72, '71, '72, I guess. I was about 30 then.
- B: To San Francisco?
- P: First to New York, then to California. At that time I travelled a lot. I went back to Germany every year, sometimes twice a year, so I sort of lived then bi-coastal, in Europe and here. After I left Germany I first lived in Rome for a year, and then in Paris and London, so I know all those cities. Amsterdam, what have you. And now I'm here in California, the weather's nice, the sun is nice, and it's an easy life.
- B: The weather here is amazing, I have to say.
- P: You see, when you grow up in Germany you can have such a grey... that's why they work so hard, because they can't go to the beach, they have nothing else to do, so they work hard and get rich.
- (Brrriinnngg - telephone rings again.)
- Hello. Yah. Peter. Who is this? No he's not. He is somewhere out. Uh huh. Oh. Oh. OK, so I tell him. Angel. I tell him you call. OK. Bye. Click.
- B: Angel?
- P: Angel.
- B: Now what was I going to ask you? Let me get my little book. Oh, I know. Love.
- P: Love? What a buzz word.
- B: No, you said the other night you'd only had two actual lovers in your life.
- P: Yah, ok, let's put it this way. I thought I had, I played the game of having a love affair and I had more or less 3 of them and then I realized I'm not a masochist and I just learned to rather have friends than lovers.
- B: Why, did they fuck you around?
- P: No, no no, it's only I don't believe we are just made for one lover, it just doesn't work that way. It doesn't work for the gays and it doesn't work for the straights. Marriages go broke because we are just not monogamous. It's just a big...
- B: Conspiracy?
- P: Oh, no no no, that would be even too much intriguing. No, I don't even give that much credit to people. It's just -
- (Brrriinnngg - phone.)
- Hello. No he's not. Hi Debbie. I don't know, he is somewhere out. I don't know, he didn't tell me. Yah. I don't know, he could be back any minute. Should I tell him something? Ok. Yah. Yah. Ok. Sure. Bye. Click.
- (Bring - phone.)
- Hello. He's not in right now. Try later. I never know when he comes back.

B: So what's your ideal sexual experience?

# element of a premiere. The premiere... Love is happening between two strangers, it is not happening between two lovers.

Try later.

Ok. Sure. Click.

P: As you can see, none of these calls are for me. I tell you, I don't get phone calls.

B: (laughs) What's your relationship with your room-mate like?

P: Oh we are good friends.

B: He's your best friend?

P: He's my only friend. I live with him for 11 years now.

(Bring - phone.)

Hello. Yah. Yah. Yah, yah. Yah. Uh huh. No, no I don't. No, I don't. No, I'm just a lazy person and I don't. Yah, that is occasional. No, I'm somewhere else with my head. You know, I'm just busy at the moment so maybe another time. Ok. Thank-you. Slam.

P: I hate to talk to people I don't know, you know?

B: How'd they get your number?

P: No, they are James's friends. You will see I will not get one call.

B: Well he certainly gets lots of calls.

P: Oh, yes, he's a completely different person. He needs people, he likes to go out dancing. He's just the very opposite to me.

B: Have you ever had sex with him?

P: Oh, yah, maybe twice. He was a trick, you know, and I think at the time he had trouble with his room-mate, I said why don't you just stay here and he never left - that's how that happened. And it's nice to have somebody. We are friends, but sex is impossible with someone I know for more than one or two times. There's too much out there, you know, and I think it's very healthy to - of course you have to be safe, I mean that's the ground rule - but otherwise, it's the healthiest thing you can do, to have a good regular sex life with all kinds of different people. That's how you learn.

B: You looked amazing the other night at the STUD, I have to say.

P: The way you see me in photographs, that's how I usually like to present myself.

B: What do you think of Madonna? (pointing to her on T.V.)

P: Oh, another singer.

B: Have you met her?

P: No, I'm not a starfucker, meaning I don't seek to meet people, I don't knock on anyone's door, so I don't know many celebrities or stars.

B: Have you ever fucked somebody famous?

P: Yes.

B: Who?

P: You see, I'm a very discrete person - the names are very famous people.

B: Okay, just tell me and I won't print it.

P: (laughs) You won't print it, huh?

B: Do you want me to turn it off?

P: No - one day you'll write your memoirs.

B: I'm not a starfucker. I've had the greatest time with famous people and with non-famous people.

B: Okay, no comment.

continued...

# For me, it's like religion. Something

B: That was a long comment. No, that's very admirable, Peter, you're a very nice person for not spilling the beans. Oh, so you think Madonna is just another commodity?

B: I don't want to take away from her, but that whole scene of music... (sigh). You see when rock 'n' roll was invented, I was a young teenager - Elvis came to the scene and rock 'n' roll was new and then about 30 years later it's still rocking and rolling but I'll tell you I'm looking for new things, I'm looking for new ideas. And I tell you the MTV is on because of you here. I haven't had MTV on before, so it's because of you.

B: (laughs) What, did you think it would make me more comfortable?

P: Exactly.

B: It does. All television does.

P: Do you know what I had on before you came? The Frugal Gourmet on PBS, a cooking show. I mean, that says something about me.

B: The Frugal Gourmet.

P: Yes, he is a former preacher become TV cook.

B: Did you ever watch the Galloping Gourmet?

P: He was a former TV cook become preacher.

P: I don't watch only gourmet shows. But I tell you on MTV one record sounds like another to me. Maybe that's a sign of getting old....

B: Well what kind of music do you listen to?

P: I don't listen to music. I don't listen to anything. I like silence. I can be very comfortable with silence. I never had a walkman.

(Brrringg - phone)

Hello. Yah. It's Peter. Angel. Why don't you call information? I wouldn't know. Ok. Sure. Click.

P: He wanted the number for the End-Up, this discoteque.

B: What are you, an operator?

P: I mean, I think life is so funny.

B: So you were born in what year?

P: '42.

B: (Counting on fingers) I'm not figuring out your age.

P: 46.

B: Oh, I was just trying to think how old you were when punk happened.

P: When did it happen?

B: Well, it started around, what, Taxi Driver - '75, '76.

P: I don't have any time reference. For me everything in the past sort of slums together.

B: But obviously from the way you present yourself in your pictures and everything it goes right back to the roots of punk, like jail punk, like punks in jail, the hustler element...

P: Yah. I think there is some basic element in the punk phenomenon what I think makes a lot of sense, and it beats the expression of a yuppie or a puppie - I don't know all those words.

B: Guppie, buppie....

P: If you like to wear a suit and tie and have a regular job.... I just think the expression, the image of punk can be, can be... of course it's not always the case - like one friend said, for the first time in the history of fashion even the ugly people can get attention....

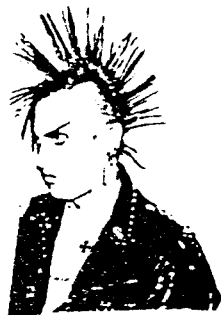
not even getting out of my clothes; I can  
have sex with somebody while they're across  
the street. So the whole visual thing is

Next Issue: Bruce gets the yardage out of Peter!



stranger, so  
that to myself  
that, but you  
so I have to  
how do I j  
it to two  
already co  
have one n  
could get  
same time  
those phy


man. Now I pr  
be very good at  
better and high  
mes, so then I s  
y maybe you can  
me, and there yo  
because you only  
a good cocksuck  
eir mouth at the  
hen you do all  
re to do them



On My Own - Restaurant Now  
 Farmers Market - Hollywood South  
 Paradise Springs, Other Side, Bitch Gardens

Juor's - Century City Shopping Center

\* HANNA SCHEGUYA WAS THE STAR OF PASSIONATE LESBIAN FILM, "THE BITTER TEARS OF PETRA VON KANT"



Then Constantine

Evila Mackinacord - Nitch <sup>transpore 2 days Bowe -</sup> for 3 days

Connie Parente - Witch - drug supplier - You an

Lena Lloyd - Glitter green;

1050 - Hostess of the Finance Parties.

102 - Now the Channel Model

Michelle Hauser - Interpol lead singer } MS-1982

10 - Sacramento Fair Club President  
Quintana in Running Petition, Don Cordero - Sculptor (Photographer of Fertile)

3 - Only male Real Girl  
new & successful fashion stylist in NYC City

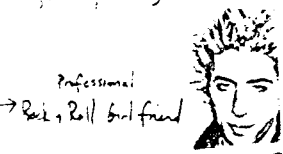
Jann Chang - Witch / New Movie Star

Grey - Witch, gorgeous lesbian dancer in the movie  
"Grease"



Proprietor: Joe Zero One Gallery  
— Bands: KREW KITS KLAN, TROUBLE FOR NORA

Responsible for the band of tying bandages around boots  
You living in England is the best thingy the Hoover  
jewelry designer





# FIRST PUNK BANDS

IN  
~KLAM~  
=R  
Y-QUK

\* "Yes LA" Compilation released features  
Eyes, Bags, X, Atty Gts, Gerns - very rare record

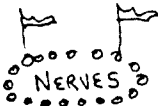
Charlotte Caffey (Larkin Love of Maria Dunn Dunn)  
Go Go's  
Darby Crash  
AKA: Bobby Pin  
(Fierce Homo)  
Bi-Sexual  
D.J. Bone Brake (Drummer)  
X  
Allycats  
Hed Dog Carla  
Knitters

Sand Gacy (Hot Duke, Ex-Babe Girl)  
Ginger Cuzerom  
Gibbs's My  
Johnny Ray  
Bartel  
George's queer  
stand-up Bass player

EYES



Late '70  
early '78



NERVES

Peter (Harred Homo)  
Case  
Victim Williams  
Affair

Bruce  
Moreland

Piimbals

Lee Black (Childers)  
Charlotte of Cran King

John Schlenger  
(Combie Director)

Dishes - Toronto

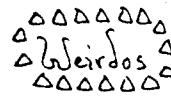
Drastic Measure

Rough Trade

DOA (Vancouver)

Josy Skithard (Lovers)

First fuck Tom Cruise  
in egg party recently  
and took pictures



WEIRDOS

Nicky Beat

(14 inch Penis)

Wayne/Jayne County-WY/England Scene  
(Pre-Op)

Wall  
os Voodoo

Boyfriend to Alice

may affairs with wife  
boys as well



SCREAMERS

Tomato Du Plenty

Tommy Gear

Hon. Hon. Day

Ex-Lockette

(Punk Dinger Queen)

Joe Briath  
(ultimate pre-punk  
drag queen legend)

BAGS

Pat Bag (B)

Craig Lee  
Homo Editor  
of LA Weekly  
under with LA Times

PHRANC  
The folksinger



GUN CLUB

Alice Bag (alias Pussi Washington)  
in Afro Saters

CHOLITA

Fun House

Zeros

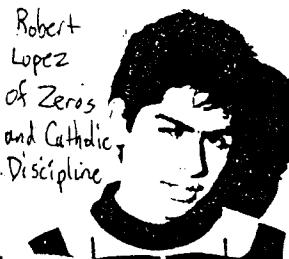
Robert Lopez

Catholic  
Discipline

Cambridge  
Apes/Hes

Castration  
Squad

Swingset



Robert  
Lopez  
of Zeros  
and Catholic  
Discipline

the lover of  
Artist Jon Bolk  
'and now he's  
known as EL Vez,  
the Mexican Elvis  
also proprietor of the  
La Luz de Jesus Gallery  
and a sexy latino love bar



Soxy  
Bisexual  
John Doe  
of X  
in his prime  
room was  
batter or had  
a tighter butt

Sisters of Mercy [England]

He came from a wealthy  
family went from place  
to place then  
killed himself  
Now he's a myth  
legend



Pat  
's Alice Bag  
of "The Bags"

now in  
Sisters of  
Mercy and  
Afro Sisters/  
Swingset  
respectively

"Did I mention that  
G.G. Allin character  
was writing me love  
letters? He's too  
ugly for me. Well,  
I turned his atten-  
tion to John Wayne  
Gacy, so now he's  
bothering him....  
Anal Unity,  
Vag Davis



GERMS  
GERMS  
GERMS

# TWISTED ROOTS



## A DELUDED PERSPECTIVE

SK8 tough, SK8 cool, a zine for new mutants. Sarah is a funster meister, she ripped thru T-town, got a cool haircut, traded zines. Sarah-put your play in A Deluded Perspective! Pleezzzzzz!!!

c/o Sarah 3171 Vialoux Dr., Winnipeg, MAN. R3R 2R2 Canada

## ANORGASMIA

Lots of stuff packed in a wild whirling world of p-rock, SK8ing, sex, politics, funning, telling stories, and stuff stuff!

Anorgasmia c/o Chris Z. 144 Oakwood Ave. Winnipeg MB R3L 1E1

## AQUA

Sexy! New sexy issue out now! Um, lots of sex, dyke sex, fag sex, bi-sex, queer-lover sex, safe sex. Nicaragua cruising techniques N.L.P. manifesto and sexy pictures. All this & more for a buck c/o AQUA c/o Bru DYe P.O.Box 1251 Canal St. Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10013 USA \$1 bl.&w

## CHAINSAW

Donna D. does it! and does it right. This is P-rock for real; Interviews & extroverts-groups, gals & guys-tours & tourists-candid Candice, camp counsellors & Fifth Column 65¢ & 2 stamps bl&w&yellow cover, 5 1/2 X 8 Chain saw 837 Fillmore #4, S.F., CA., 94117 U.S.A.

## CROWBAR

Obviously THE essential squatters handbook of England, Crowbar also cares about homopunks, anarchy in the U.K., hardcore skinheads (well, Crowbar doesn't care about them, it covers the issue) etc. Get issue #49!

Crowbar BM Box Hurricane London WC1 England 4Op (But, dear Crowbar, just like you credit writing, you should credit photos when you steal them-thanks! G.B.J.)

## DON'T TELL JANE AND FRANKIE

Special secret, O.K.? I got a sneak preview of this soon to be released zine and can I just say- its more than I ever dreamed of, and less than I ever imagined. PREPARE TO BE SHOCKED.

Jane & Frankie 3911 St. Hubert, Montreal, Que. H2L 4A6 \$1.00, bl&w

## HO Y TITCLAMPS

Larry-bob's tours thru Gaysville, U.S.A. via reviews and revelry. A lean little zine without a mean bone in it's body. Pretty & pansy & more pgs. please. Just one thing ...don't put the name on the envelope. Put this: BOXHOLDER P.O.Box 3054, Minneapolis MN 55403 (\$1 bl&w 5 1/2 X 8)

## HOMOCORE

is here to stay. Get a load of Tab Twain's total masterpiece in this issue-although its in the wrong order, its well worth rearranging it in your head. Lots more, plus good photos..(i.e.)

c/oWorld Power Systems P.O.B.77731 S.F., CA 94107



## PCC HELLDWELLERS

Way down: Bonnie Hagan, dyke punk, is in reform school; Joe Christ & pals are mutilating themselves for movies; vampires are visiting; gay rights, school fights & Tiny Tim. Adam is Queen of Hell and a good penpal.

c/o Adam Seraphic POBox 690816 San Antonio, Texas 78269-0816 USA

## R.A.S.

This fanzine is just too important. You should get it so soon, if you know what's good for you. Covers wide ranging interests: music, fashion (or 'style'), demos, etc. Live it and love it! R-rock, P-talk, Groovy gays & gals.

R.A.S., Basement, 464 Harrison Ave., Boston, Mass. 02118

## SALMON HUT

O.K. you lazy bums get busy: where is the new issue? Till it comes out settle for the Salmon/Salmon double issue: 1/2 women, 1/2 boys. Filled with faggy mannerisms and dykey doo-dads. Cute, and astute to boot.

POBox 612 Station A Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5W 1Q2

## SISTER NOBODY

Sister Nobody is EVERYWHERE: just like god, but cooler.

Sister Nobody: fun-making, heart-breaking, charm-taking, alarm-quaking...and Deke Nihilson too! Get it at all costs. bl&w, 5 1/2 x 8, \$1.00

Sister Nobody 2336 Market #128, S.F., CA. 94114 U.S.A.

## TEENAGE GANG DEBS

Way cute! Teenage Gang Debs just invites you to pick the fruit from its Plumb Tree of Knowledge. Dizzying scope of entertainment: Patty Duke, Calvin Johnson, Eve Plumb, T.V. trends, Film fads, Dance crazes and with-it reviewers (except one who doesn't realize Tommy Kirk is god-like and GooGoo is a good name). Plus there's pop icon Jeffery Kennedy (of yesteryears Boysville) on the team too, so don't miss an issue. (bl. & w., 8 1/2 x 11)

Erin Smith 5812 Midhill St. Bethesda MD 20817 OR:

John Huston 17385 Cornell Rd. Southfield MI 48075

## YOUTH LIB

Not a yucky "Sweet & Swishy" type of kid-lover thing but a real effort to help, i.e.; it will criticize other youth lib things if it thinks they're on the make. Gay-positive!

Syndicat des Kleves 2035 Boul. St. Laurent, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2Y 2T3

## ZUGANG

Zugang's no homocore zine. But it's a cool hardcore zine that deserves to be seen. Bitchin' editorial on privacy. The Postal Authorities confiscated my copies for a month to 'examine' them before they graciously permitted me to have them. Get the picture? Get Zugang c/o Lisa L., 2300 South E. St., Richmond IN 47374 USA It's practically Banned in Canada. (\$1 bl.&w 8 1/2 x 11)

REVIEWED BY G.B.JONES

## HOT OFF THE PRESSES!

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94146-0122 \$3.00

SWELLVILLE P.O. BOX 85334 SEATTLE, WA  
98145-0222



STREET NEW zine scene

Fertile LaToya Jackson Magazine

This is one fine fucking fanzine with attitude for days. Fertile LaToya Jackson and Vaginal Davis are members of the seminal Los An band The Afro Sisters (on Amoeba Records, don't you know). These self-proclaimed "beautiful black militant drag queen love goddesses" also put out this dirty dish rag.

The gossip is knee-deep and choice, especially concerning celebrities (e.g. did you know that Raw Blow and little Andrew McCarthy are long term illicit lovers who have an open relationship, or that Jason Bateman is a gay fuck pig?). Vag informs me she has been on the punk scene since her Mean Teen Queen days (hey - I wonder if that's who the Nip Drivers were talking about on their "Oh Blessed Freak Show" l.p., because Vag mentioned to me that she's real close friends with Janice from that sorely missed California punk band). Vag has had sex with such punk stars as the Stern bros. of Youth Brigade (later Brigade), and, yes, Hank Rollins himself, not to mention Throwing Muses boy drummer David Narcizo, all exploits recounted in lurid detail in the Fertile mag. Some of the Hollywood types Vag has conquered: Christian "Heathers" Slater, Tom "Top Man" Cruise (in a super-market aisle), Robert Downey, Jr., of Less Than Zero fame (a premature ejaculator), and Anthony Michael Hall (only interested in getting himself off), not to mention the late Jon-Eric Hexum ("fulfilling"), presumably before the beefy T.V. star blew his own head off in a tragic misfired ~~prank (one joke too many)~~ prank (one joke too many). And I believe every word Vaginal Davis tells me, and someday I'm going to make it to L.A., just as surely as Mia made it to India, and maybe Vag will set me up with some celebrities, preferably the bald-headed guy

from the Young Riders, say, or Kevin Dillon.

B.LAB.

J.D.s

DARES

TO

UNVEIL

# THE FORBIDDEN WORLD OF THE HOMOSEXUAL

THE GO TEAM "MILQUETOAST BRIGADE"

featuring Jeffery Kenneay

YIKES!

I mean here's this cute little, bespectacled mild mannered Olympia WA. boy who up and flings BOYSVILLE USA this manifesto of teen queer heartache in the face of an unsuspecting world. Next thing you know, he's being interviewed in HOMOCORE, covered in J.D.s, and other queercore zines, and then off to S.F. to take up residence. But, before he leaves his smalltown, Jeffery cuts this ANTHEN of faggy defiance with Olympia geniuses "The Go Team". A penultimate pop song, its just way cool guitars, drums and vocals but its way more. Just like BOYSVILLE was. Oh, its about growing up different and junk like that and its camp, but its the best kind of camp. The very subtle difference most boys can't seem to get: its being faggy and camp and making a joke of yourself and your girlfriends and really being funny; versus being a fag and being bitter and mean to girls and being boring, cause ultimately you hate everyone and you're jealous. You end up with one joke and everyone knows the punchline. That's quite different than everyone being in on the joke. So "Milquetoast Brigade" must be a laff riot, right? It seriously sounds like a riot, and its teen philosophy, and a cool song, and its so easy maybe I could do it and maybe I will, Jeffery sez. Its not funny! and ITS NOT FUNNY O.K.? Its \$5.00.

Send for it today: 'K' Records, P.O.Box 7154, Olympia WA. 98507

G.B.J.

# They say we're free,

## YEASTIE GIRLZ 'F.C.C.'

F.C.C.--The Yeastie Girls  
We're the Yeastie Girls  
We're on the radio now  
We want to talk about sex  
But we're not allowed  
Cause the FCC is cracking  
down hard  
They want everything to sound  
just like a Hallmark card  
They won't even let us talk  
about Number 2

But I wonder what they call it  
when they get it on their shoe  
We know what word they're using  
But we can't say it  
The FCC is full of bull

--shh!--  
We're the Yeastie Girls  
And we're here to say  
That you better do something  
and right away  
Yeah you better wake up and  
start using your head  
Cause your First Amendment Rights  
are just about dead  
Well, the FCC will tell you, or  
haven't you heard  
They think freedom of speech is  
a dirty word

Well the Yeasties got a message  
for the people who agree  
With the stupid regulations  
of the FCC  
You think your kids will be  
corrupted if they hear about poo  
Well, there's nothing wrong with them,  
We think the problem is YOU!  
Biology is neat; we like our bodies  
just fine

If you're telling us it's dirty well  
we say you're lying  
They call it a free country but  
it feels like a prison  
So write the Federal Communications  
Commission. Get your pen and paper  
ready cause here's the address:  
1919 M St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

So tell 'em that they're stupid,  
yea, tell them that they're d...  
destroying our expression  
cause they think it's outrageous  
Tell them that they're living  
in the dark ages  
We're the Yeastie Girls,  
and we're here to say  
We want the FCC to go away!  
Yeah, GO AWAY!



"I quit CIUT after all the flak when  
the J.D.s radio gang got kicked off.  
I'm not going to take that! The over-  
paid station manager and program dir-  
ector both set up lots of little meet-  
ings to try to get me to capitulate but  
I was disgusted and told them where to  
stick that fascist shit. I want to go  
back and do the exact same thing. I'm  
like a cockroach: hard to kill."

Caroline A., regular host of  
'The scrambler' show.



"Homocore  
Hit Parade"  
Music with  
a homosexual  
theme.

# They say we're free,

had  
hard  
time  
uring  
out  
what  
line  
they  
ake...  
pro  
or.  
at?...

# but are we really?

## Scandal

### Democracy dead at CIUT

NOW

Has CIUT (an alternative radio station) (NOW, May 18-24)? That's a good one. CIUT is about as alternative as a drive-thru bank.

CIUT skips far short of punk thrash, or anything resembling it. "I.D.'s Radio," the show we had on CIUT, was unceremoniously booted off the air by program director Shawnna Fergus (who seems to rule with an iron fist).

The incident demonstrated for us just what "alternative" has come to mean in this town. Despite a buzzing request line indicating the need for the show, we were "removed" for playing the "feminist hardcore rap group," the Yeastie Girls. Ovary Action (a much requested group in our time slot) in response to a sex-

When we asked Fergus if she might be over-reacting, she replied, "My decision is final, no debate," or words to that effect.

Democracy is not alive and well at CIUT, and it's no alternative. It's like punk never happened.

Bruce LaBruce  
G.B. Jones  
Toronto

### DJ autonomy has its limits

NOW

Re Democracy Dead At CIUT (NOW, June 8-14). Bruce LaBruce and G.B. Jones seem to think they're victims of arbitrary censorship. As the perpetrator of this alleged censorship, I'd like to respond.

LaBruce and Jones played a song that contains a coarse and graphic description of oral sex — on a Sunday afternoon following a children's show. At CIUT, we strive for the highest possible degree of autonomy for our programmers. The station is run by volunteers, and we decide on our guidelines.

We're also broadcasting under CRTC regulations which dictate that we aren't allowed to broadcast certain things. Anyone participating in a democracy is governed by guidelines and that includes programmers at CIUT. Democracy isn't dead at CIUT. It just looks that way from LaBruce's and Jones' perspective.

Shawnna Fergus  
Program Director  
CIUT 99.5 FM

### Ads on CIUT a bad omen

NOW

It was good to read the letter critical of CIUT (NOW, June 8-14). I can only say that, in comparison to CKLN, it is in the process of changing for the worse, in this listener's opinion.

The advertising I've noticed to me is not a good sign. They may not be the kind of advertisers who will dictate the airplay as much as at an all-commercial station. However, it will affect play in some ways if CIUT begins to become a slave to these advertisers for revenue. I've noticed many more benefit shows from CKLN than CIUT — which I think is a much more autonomous way of balancing a deficit situation.

I can relate a story of CJSR in Edmonton. This campus station wouldn't broadcast *Tools for Peace* programming. They just stopped, which I think had to do with a co-sponsor as advertising becomes part of your programming. Let's keep alternative radio autonomous by supporting it continually as listeners. When you lose its autonomy, you can kiss the alternative goodbye.

Ian Crowston  
Toronto

### Porn meant for privacy

NOW

At last, someone in the media recognizes the lost meaning of privacy and is willing to defend it. Thank you, Shawnna Fergus of CIUT, for your letter (NOW, June 15-21), which has hopefully made readers reconsider how the freedom of privately enjoying obscenity differs from the tyranny of having it publicly imposed on us.

L.S. Cattani  
Toronto

## Raising eyebrows

by Krishna Rao  
TORONTO (CUP) — The Yeastie Girls' explicit lyrics have the University of Toronto's radio station in hot water.

CIUT DJs Bruce LaBruce and G.B. Jones played a song from the band's recent *Ovary Action* maxi single that contained graphic descriptions of oral sex.

Several listeners complained to the station and one complained to the Canadian Radio and Telecommunications Commission.

"They played some music that had some profane language in it. The Broadcast Act says 'You shall not broadcast any material with obscene and profane language,'" said Chris DeCosta CIUT station manager.

"We informed the regular host that she could not play material of this nature," said DeCosta.

The show, called "The Scrambler," airs from one to three Sunday afternoons after a children's program. LaBruce and Jones were not full time staff. They were only filling in for the host who has been told to clear any replacements in the future.

DeCosta doesn't think it will happen to the station because he has three options. "If nothing, they can take our 15 minutes and write to the person who lodged the complaint, who is going to meet with them and tell them the irony of pulling them out."

# but are we really?

oi-J.D.s PERSONALSrgay-, like.1

er gear dy her knob

gobble g WHERE TO BUY

er turd J.D.s

Do you feel isolated in the heterosexual-dominated alternative movement? Well, I've wanted to get gay and lesbian punx/anarchists/whatever to write to each other - WE DO EXIST - we aren't invisible. Please write if you're gay: it's as much your network as it is mine. I will make up sheets of people who want to write to fellow gays (photocopied/printed) to pass around so we can write to each other. Overseas - write a really nice long letter; no need for rip-off I.R.C.s. In Britain send an adequate stamp and I will soap it for you. Write to: "1 in 10", Gibby, 25/7 Glenclunie Dr., Barnley, Glasgow, Scotland, G53 7HH. (Confidentiality assured in letters to me.)



FANG

A zine that explores lesbian, gay eroticism of the vampire.

Taking submissions

FANG c/o Laura Partibo

2854 Harrison Apt. A

S.F., CA 94110

uck-buddy gear

SOLICITATION

Writer/editor wants to receive true first-person narratives on the subject of childhood and early adult experiences involving formal religion and formative sexuality. The goal is a collection of short experiential works reflecting both male and female sexual feelings, fantasies and actual occurrences, in the style of books like Meat, Juice, or Macho Sluts but in the context of religion. These can include either positive or negative experiences.

The project is tentatively titled

All the Dreams/All the Dirt.

Submissions should be kept between 500 and 750 words (two to three double-spaced pages), to be edited for style. While all stories accepted will be printed anonymously, names and addresses of writers of each piece submitted should be attached, so that any editorial changes can be discussed.

Please send submissions to: Healing Tales, P.O. Box 77271, San Francisco, California 94107 by May 15, 1990.

The gayest group you've ever heard sing ten songs In this album you'll find such sizzling gems as Boy Wanted; The Shower Song; How Did He Look? Weekend of a Hairdresser; and six others. Performed by a famous Hollywood singing group whose name we don't dare reveal! 12" l.p. record.

More Gay Titles!

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The largest directory and catalog of purveyors of erotica in the world. Contains vital information for both writers and collectors with over 1,500 listings of magazines, book publishers, audio and video producers, x-rated computer software, sex-oriented clubs and organizations, and much more! From cheesecake to wildest fetish; straight, gay, lesbian, swinger and beyond. Age statement required. \$14.95 to: M. Drax, PO Box 20593, Sun Valley, NV 89433.

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(214) 824-2201

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(416) 929-9912

Vortex

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Toronto, Ont.  
(416) 591-8728

gay

turd-burglar  
-buddy  
-chumlezh  
-barwar  
Cak  
Kic  
zh  
b  
duke



# SCREAM!



Jena & Klaus von Brucker present  
**DON'T TELL JANE AND FRANKIE**

a new zine for  
sluddyfags, superbitches, and  
post-modern/-christian/-feminist/  
-aid/-punk kids, and it's just \$2.  
coming so soon to a nice store near  
you, or send that cash to: 3911  
st.-hubert montreal  
quebec H2L  
4A6  
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Send Trades  
Stamps, letters  
Words of advice  
IRC Small  
amounts of \$

# READ



IF YOU  
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**CHAINS AW**,  
837 FILLMORE  
#4  
S.F., CA.  
94117  
\$1

**SISTER  
NOBODY**  
(SAME  
ADDRESS  
AS  
CHAINS AW)

## Cheap Videos!

## Cheap Videos!

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and we are ever improving the already loaded  
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**WRONG CONCLUSION**  
151 E. 14th Ave. #24A  
New York City, New York 10003

## Cheap Videos!

urd-burglary-gay-barb-ll-dyke

Hey buddies:

Thanks for the latest J.D.s. Another fun issue with lots of raffish guys and gals. David Finley is a great guy (cover boy of J.D.s #5). I met him last summer in TO. I sent him an AQUA but it came back to me. Wrong address, somehow. Can you give him this copy if he doesn't have one?

④ BRU

Sure. David, come and get your copy of AQUA. (The new issue is out! Send for it c/o BRU DYK, P.O.Box 1251, Canal St. Stn. N.Y., N.Y., 10013 USA

punk turd-burglar

aylord fuck-buddy

Hiya folks!

Cheers for J.D.s, which I thought was great, as a queer anarcho meself. It fills a gap for me personally-it's well needed. Keep up the work. If you've got any more info we'd love to see it. I'm sending a copy of CROWBAR over, since it's new and has some of your stuff reprinted in it

Cheers, ALIX

isel ayke b-ma

fuck-buddy

J.D.s

I was amazed after picking up your zine when working as a volunteer at the Wooden Shoe Anarchist Bookstore. I never thought that there was a zine for the gay and lesbian punk culture. This is the reason it has, for me, its particular appeal. Now, I wanted to know if you ever need other writers (such as me) or contributions to your next zine. Please let me know about your decision.

MARK BOLO  
Phila., PA

We welcome submissions from fag/dyke punks especially their true to life sex adventures

zable friends

punk turd-burglar

Hey New Lavender Panthers:

Got J.D.s-and it's great! Not much of a chance to contact that scene here, but you in Toronto have it all (HA-eds.) I'm enclosing 3 US greenbacks cus I want to see Stevie on his? Yamaha. If you're out of #3, well hold on to yourself and send the next ish when its ready to come. Till then I'll be waiting with bated breath.

TODD CLARK

Stevie: inspiring a new generation of dykedudes

isel dyke b-ma

ump-ranger

G.B.Jones

Hello, I love your mag. But now that I live in Florida I can't scam Anita's copy of it. Don't ask me why I left Kent Ohio for Florida, it's depressing enough. Wretch! So, please send me info on subscription. I miss raunchy perversion.

Thanx, Betty Blade

ocksucker

J.D.s:

Please send me info on your zine-when, where, how much and everything. Saw your interview (sic) in MRR. I enjoyed the photo of the boy with his juicy looking cock hanging out. I would suck it easily.

I am politically aware and disgusted. I like all kinds of music styles. But prefer hard heavy, crunchy, grinding, fast or slow, in your face, foundation shaking stuff.

I hate classical, opera and newage Shirley MacLaine shit. Also I hate jazz, military bands, american folk music and choir music.

I fucking despise The Who, Grateful Dead, Springsteen that kind of shit.

Currently I'm listening to L7, an L.A. band, and Los Tigres Del Norte, Luzzbell, and Angeles Del Infierno, all from Mexico.

I am 29, (white, unfortunately) 5'9", 190 lbs., light brown hair, blue green eyes and horny as fuck.

I enjoy porno mags, photos, tapes and used underwear and socks to j/o with. I like black, brown, darker shades of pale on my men. I also favor foreskin.

Please send me info-letters, mags, photos tapes or used underwear. I j/o all the time-and would appreciate anything you want to send me to enhance my activities.

Ben B.  
Santa Monica

As if J.D.s itself wasn't thoroughly sufficient in that respect-ed.

G.B.J.,

Hey! Thanks for the tape! I'm really pleased, impressed and etceterated! I've already written a note to Nikki Parasite and plan on scribbling off compliments to others on the tape this eve. Congrats! You did a splendid job of putting together quite a fun little package. I've had it for just a couple of days and I couldn't even start to count the times I've blasted it into my head via walkman. I really dig it. Back in 84 I put together a couple of comps: Jesus Dildo", "America-Fix it or Fuck it" and "Ugly CA" and I've heard way more than my share of comps, but I've never had one or heard one that I just wanted to hear over and over the way that I do with J.D.s TOP TEN TAPE- I LIKE EVERYTHING ON IT! ALOT!

Thanx for including me. I'm flattered, honoured and proud. Listening to the tape for the first time was one of the highpoints of my life.

Robt Omlit,  
Anaheim, CA

has

October 17, 1989

Dear Bruce:

Thank you ever so, for the lovely letter and a copy of JD. You just don't realize the buzz you've caused in LA. I wanted to buy the issue of JD you sent me from A Different Light Bookstore in Silverlake, but the last copy was on hold for someone. So I read through quickly and copied your address to write to you. You can't imagine my joy in receiving a letter and a rag all in the same day. Shucks!

There are so many things I'd like to say. I can't compliment your zine enuf. It's just the royal best. The entire aesthetic is right on target.

You've got to start working your charm and get advertisers. Believe me it's hard. Art and commerce are a difficult mix, but us girls have to learn to get a business sense or we'll just be eaten alive. The struggle to keep a float is insane, but you've got to do anything and everything to continue publishing.

Since I started my rag as just a supplement to my performance pieces, I didn't expect that it would turn into a William Randolph Hearst operation. I get mail and orders from all over the world. It amazes me how people even find out about Fertile, but the underground grapevine is vast.

Just to give you a little background about myself. I was born here in Los Angeles and grew up in the Jordan Down Projects of the infamous ghetto of Watts, so honey I ain't no debutante. Around 1976 when I was still in elementary school, my cousin Carla who lived in Hollywood introduced me to punque roc. Carla played in the legendary seminal band The Controllers. Even though I was only 11, I tagged after Mad Dog Carla to see her play at places like The Masque, which was just a basement under the Pussycat Adult Theatre off of Hollywood Blvd. I fit in with the older kids because, I've always been big for my age. Since 11, I've stood my impressive height of 6'6". The LA scene was a lot different way back then. Everyone who was wierd was a part of it, and it was definitely a very gay scene. Everyone who was in bands were either runaways, hustlers, hookers, drag queens, junkies, bull daggers. In addition to these kinds of people the scene was made up of rebellious upper middle class kids, slumping it, and other assorted misfits. But everyone seemed a complete individual. There was a lot of freedom and acceptance, because everyone hated you so we all stuck together. The straights hated us and the normal homos with their mustaches and muscles hated us, because we weren't their ideal of "attractive". There were a lot of rags back then, a lot were homophobic. Slash, Wet, No-Mag; most of the first punque commentators were arifags. Oh god let me stop for me to tell this story I'd have to write a novel. What I'm doing is breaking down the last 12 or so years, and to do it properly would take more time than I can devote at this moment.

So with that, I'll have to bring this letter to a close. You asked me if I knew Richard Hawkins, and yes I do. He curated a big name art show, called Against Nature at LACE gallery, and he included one of my videos, in the show. He also curated the video portion of this years Gay and Lesbian film festival and showed my video in that as well, so he's been a champion for us dark skinned girls.

As regards the Nip Drivers. My black sistergirlfriend Janice used to play in that band. She's one powerhouse guitar player, but she left the band ages ago and I've lost touch with her, the girl is a heavy drug user. The Nip Drivers started out as a South Bay band, and now I think they're based in Orange County, which is a right wing haven. The P-boys there on the beach, have the best surfer bodies and drippy wanks, but some of them are little Nazis. So I don't know what's going on with the Nip Drivers. But I could ask around.

I will be stopping in Toronto on my way to Paris in November. Maybe we could rendezvous at the airport. I have a 2 hour stop. I've had this ongoing relationship with this gorgeous french boy, who is a designer and I'm going to Paris to stay with him for a few weeks. I love Europe. I may relocate there. Europeans appreciate Afro-American culture and sexuality. Are there many blacks in Toronto? I noticed the cute b-boy on your cover. Most of the gay blacks here in LA are Oreo cookies. All the cute black boys are all chasing after white boys, so there's sometimes a lot of tension where there should be unity.

Let me finally sign off. I'm so opinionated, that sometimes I just go on and on. Love to hear from you, you're alot more articulate than I am.

Black Queenly Love,

Vas  
Ms. Vaginal Davis  
AKA: Kayle Hilliard

P.S. You should check out fellow Canadian (Winnipeg) Glen Headmore's albums Chicken & Biscuits and Squawhead, he's my labermate (Amoeba Records). He will be performing at Graceland in Vancouver in December. I'm not good at geography. Vancouver is probably too far from Toronto to just hop over there.

NO SKIN OFF MY ASS (the movie) by Bruce LaBruce will be available on video as of June, 1990. It's over sixty minutes of j.o.ing, nipple piercing, blow-jobbing, black bra-ing, dog-food eating, skinhead seducing fun. Lots of nudity and sex-type-stuff. To order, just send twenty bucks to Bruce POB 1110 Adelaide St. Stn., Toronto, Ontario, Canada. M5C 2K5

If you have to send a check or m.o., please make it payable to my fag secretary B. R. BRUCE. He has the bank account, not me.

The Frogs Controversy

To Bruce:

They say that no good deed ever goes unpunished, and I guess you've proven them right on that score, eh? Forgive me, but I was stupid enough to assume that my letter was written as a gesture of courtesy to someone who expressed an interest in the band. Color me surprised when I found out I was really a butt-plug secretary who spent his time writing "nasty" letters to gay-oriented fanzine editors, that I might be better able to snub their sexuality by "pretending" to be gay. Really, Bruce, your assessment of the content of my first letter borders on science fiction.

Do you think for one minute that I would invest the time and effort (not to mention the postage) on a letter if I had as much contempt for you, your magazine, and your sexuality as you claim? The answer (perfunctory as it may be) is: "no, not very likely". Believe it or not Bruce, I was going out of my way to be as polite and friendly as I could.

As far as the comments about my bike are concerned, no I did not make that story up, nor was it intended to be a joke. The growing wave of anti-gay violence in this and other countries is sickening, and not something I would ever make fun of. Let me ask you this: what do you think your comments about your "inexpensive face" mean to Joe Rose? What do you think those comments mean to his friends and family? If I were you, I'd be less concerned with holding my suffering up as a token of exchange (by which other people'd measure my value) and more concerned with trying to change people's attitudes, so we won't have to mourn over more senseless violence and death.

What angers me most about this whole thing Bruce, is that I extended a hand to you in friendship and good will, and because of some paranoid fantasy, you turned and spat in my face. You insulted me, and you insulted my friends because you assume we have nothing better to do with our lives than to demean and degrade the gay and lesbian community. We weren't put on this planet to edify your expectations, so fuck you if you don't like how we express ourselves!

My purpose in writing this letter was to state and clarify my position for the record. Should you feel the need to debate or discuss this subject further, feel free to write me at: 5313 Mansfield Dr. Greendale, WI 53129, USA.

Sincerely,

Bruce replies: Brian T. Komar

Oh, so sensitive. You must be a fag after all.

P.S. I wish I had a rifle.

Sincerely, BLAR

Too young to shave ...

NO  
SHAVE  
OFF  
MY  
ASS



... but not too young to hate